Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

How can the poet carol save
In praise? I'll do my best;
The roses of your cheeks outbrave
The blossoms at your breast.

Your hat, fair maid, embodies all
The millinery arts;
Your eyes the diamond's gleam recall.
You are the Queen of Hearts.

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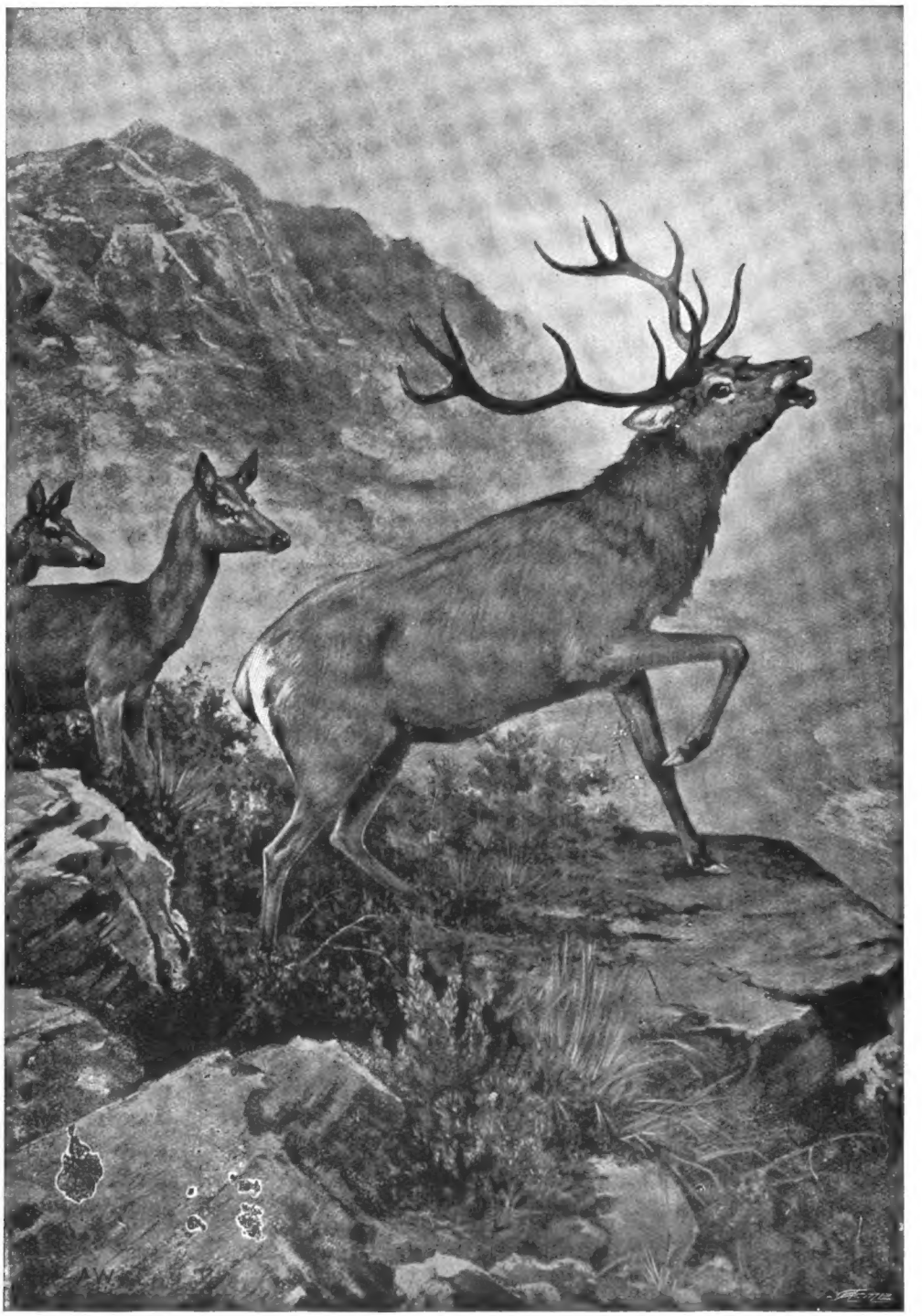

"A ROYAL CHALLENGE."

From a painting by A. W. Head, the well known animal painter. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co. Ltd.

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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

HEIRS TO THE THRONES OF EUROPE

An Article Describing the Rising Generation of Crown Princes.

By Reginald Maingay.

When the Prince of Wales was born the people and the press of England respectfully congratulated his august parents, but there were no delirious rejoicings. For nobody imagined that he would one day be the heir to the English throne. His elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, had, so to speak, taken all the wind out of his sails. And until the melancholy death of the elder Prince our present Heir Apparent was very little in the public eye.

Strikingly handsome and brilliant, the Duke of Clarence remained until the last the idol of his nation. When he died, we all turned curious eyes on Prince George. His position was difficult. So beloved had his brother been that people were almost inclined to look upon the young man who stood in his position as a usurper. At any rate, they were very ready to draw comparisons which would certainly not err on the side of partiality for the new Heir to the Throne.

But it did not take very long to convince the nation that their dead Prince had been worthily succeeded. Prince George was neither strikingly handsome or brilliant. He lacks, no doubt, that splendid quality of broad and British geniality which has made his father the most popular man in Europe. It is rather his anxiety to please, his unassailably sweet temper, and his genuine modesty which have endeared him to the people. When he ascends the throne, the Empire will not draw comparisons; it will rather be silently grateful that Providence has once more given it a King entirely after its own heart.

The Prince of Wales was happy in the possession of parents who relied on his affection for them rather than on severity for the success of his bringing up. No doubt the King, with his instinctive shrewdness, long ago discovered that severity was out of place in his treatment of one so docile as the Prince.

How different was the case of the Crown Prince of Germany! To begin with, his character is totally opposite from that of his English cousin. Modesty, docility, and an even temper are as certainly lacking from among his virtues as they are lacking from among the virtues of his masterful sire; and as for his anxiety to please, he never forgets that the first and most important person to please is none other than His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince.

Pray do not mistake my meaning! Nothing is further from my wish than to speak unkindly of the future Kaiser, or to suggest that he is anything but a very charming young man. Those who have known him from a child, and have had the doubtful pleasure of keeping him in order, are all one in describing him as the warmest-hearted and most generous person alive, and I am certain that if you or I had the honour of his acquaintance we would heartily concur in this verdict. But, then, he is the son of his father, and possesses, in addition to many of his father's qualities, a huge capacity for enjoying himself.

The Kaiser, with characteristic energy, has done all that was possible to combat his

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Photo *Michael Dietrich.*

The names (reading from left to right) of this group are: Princess Rupert of Bavaria, the Crown Prince of Germany, Princess Carl Theodora of Bavaria, Prince Eitel Friedrich, Princess Albert of Belgium.

eldest son's weaknesses—many of which were, incidentally, his own. His severity was little short of Spartan, and the Crown Prince is certainly entitled to the undisputed boast that no other boy in his Empire ever made so close and intimate acquaintance with the paternal cane as he. For Kaiser Wilhelm is a staunch and emphatic believer in corporal punishment, and I, for one, should greatly prefer to take my thrashing from anyone rather than from His Majesty. You can imagine the vigour and thoroughness with which he performed what he doubtless described to his son as a heart-breaking duty.

And there is little doubt that the boy generally deserved what he very certainly received. His weakness for smashing windows and fighting other children had to be put down, and if incidents like the following—typical, I regret to say, of many others—did not merit a thrashing, it is difficult to hit on a misdemeanour which does.

The Crown Prince was driving with his governess, a most respectable and middle-aged Baroness, and was being mildly reproved for some recent sin. Suddenly His Imperial Highness ordered the coachman to stop, and the footman to open the carriage-door.

"Now," he said to his governess, "you can get out and walk home. I'm tired of you."

In vain the poor lady expostulated; the Prince was obdurate, and nothing remained for her but to leave the carriage and walk home.

In the long run, of course, the Baroness triumphed, for later on in the day the young rascal had an interview with his father, which ought to have convinced him that the paths of virtue are, after all, the pleasantest to tread.

But that interview certainly did not convince him, nor yet many interviews of a similarly painful nature. When he passed the whipping stage he was as ready for mischief and insubordination as he had been when a child. His open defiance of the Kaiser's express commands in going to see an anti-military play is a case in point. For this piece of disobedience his father placed him under arrest—that is to say, confined him to his rooms for a day or two—and publicly dismissed his unfortunate aide-de-camp.

Not long before the boy had met with similar punishment for riding his horse at the head of his foot regiment up the broad

Pho *Chusseau-Flaviens.*

Prince George of Servia, the son of King Peter, who succeeded the murdered King Alexander.

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Photo *Boissonnas & Eggler.*

The Tsarevitch.

Photo *Karastoianoff.*

The Crown Prince of Bulgaria.

Photo *W. & D. Downey.*

The Crown Prince of Portugal, who is contemplating matrimony.

Photo *Adolph Croce.*

The Prince of Piedmont, Heir to the Throne of Italy.

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Photo *Chr. Franzen.*

Prince Alphonso, son of the late Princess of the Asturias, the child standing on the right of the picture, will succeed to the throne of Spain should King Alphonso have no issue.

marble terrace steps of the Imperial Palace of Sans Souci, and allowing someone to photograph the performance.

But what caused his parents most anxiety and got him more than once on to the verge of a serious scrape was his extraordinary susceptibility to pretty faces. He fell in love with astonishing frequency and impartiality. The Kaiser must have heaved a sigh of profound satisfaction when, a month or two ago, his amorous son steered safely into the port of matrimony and became the husband of one of the most beautiful and charming girls in Europe.

It is literally true that he used to fall deeply in love with nearly every good-looking girl he came across. When he was a student at Bonn, the adored one was a chemist's daughter, for whom he declared himself prepared to sacrifice everything. But the girl happened to be sensible and sent him about his business.

The lady who perhaps moved the young man more than any other until he met his present wife was Miss Geraldine Farrar, the beautiful American actress. He lost his heart in a single interview. But Miss Farrar was every inch as sensible as the chemist's daughter of Bonn, and, in addition, she was American. Not only did she send him about his business, she chaffed him unmercifully. But the Prince was not to be gainsaid. Denial and chaff only served to fan his love into a brighter flame. He is said to have bearded his father and solemnly declared that he intended to resign both his rank and right to the throne in order to become the husband of this charming American girl.

The Kaiser replied by packing the lovelorn youth off to England. But scarcely had he set foot there than he fell in love again—this time with some English girl whom he met at the Carlton. They exchanged rings, split a coin together, and swore to be true to each other. Before he returned home, however, many other girls captured his wayward fancy—so many that I suppose he has long ago forgotten their names. But so honest and innocent were all these love affairs that I am sure his beautiful wife laughs over them as heartily as do, doubtless, the girls themselves to-day.

The Crown Prince, like all the Hohenzollerns, is an enthusiastic soldier, and finds his keenest pleasure during the great annual

Photo *Chusseau-Flaviens.*

Prince Danilo of Montenegro.

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Photo *Bochringer.*
The Crown Prince of Greece.

Ph to *Louis He'd.*
The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who may succeed to the throne of Holland.

Photo *Press Picture Agency.*
The Crown Prince of Sweden. He is an enthusiastic tennis-player.

Photo *Piron.*
Prince Louis Napoleon, who would succeed to the French throne should the Bonapartes return to power.

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manœuvres of the Prussian army, when he shares and shares alike with his brother officers.

He is essentially a nice-minded boy. No scandal has ever touched his name. His love for women is a purely chivalrous weakness. He is perfectly incapable of anything nasty or underhand. When at Bonn he made himself unpopular with some of the students by refusing to take part in the rather swinish beer-drinking bouts of which Germans appear to be inordinately proud, and because he took no pains to conceal his distaste for indelicate conversation. Indeed, take him all for all, he is a prince any country might be proud of—no saint—far from it—but a thoroughbred gentleman.

It has become the fashion lately to deny the truth of Shakespeare's line:

> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,

and to make out that kings have a very good time of it from birth to death. Well, everybody is welcome to his opinion, but I, for one, will never cease to thank Providence that I was not born and bred for a throne. The everlasting publicity, the necessity of marrying from duty instead of love, the heavy responsibilities, the lack of all personal liberty—these are a few of the many drawbacks to a royal life, drawbacks which seem to me to outweigh all that can be urged in its favour. For what are these? Comfortable circumstances—which means that you are always sure of your board and lodging—and so the kingly personage ought to be considering the vast amount of hard work he must get through — comfortable circumstances and universal respect. So far as the latter boon is concerned, I don't think I would give a snap of my fingers for it. This universal respect is never quite universal. There are always people who refuse to pay it to the King, and those few exceptions are quite prepared to prove their disrespect by shattering him to pieces with a bomb.

Photo *Whitlock.*

The Duc d'Orléans, who would be Emperor of France if the Orléans family were recalled to the throne.

Which brings me to the latest European Heir-Apparent—the Grand Duke Alexei Nicolaievitch Romanoff, the Tsarevitch of all the Russias. Look at his portrait on page 398. Poor little boy! Things may have brightened by the time he arrives at years of discretion. At the time of writing, however, his future and the future of his unhappy country never looked blacker. Humiliation, intrigue, disgrace, and bloodshed close in on him from every side, and, what is more ominous for his future than all else—a deadly and ever-growing hatred for all who bear the dreadful name of Romanoff.

A year ago his advent into the world was the solitary streak of light in the sombre sky that lowered over his people. For there were still many loyal men and women in Russia then—men and women who hated the Government but loved their "Little Father," the Tsar, and looked to him to ameliorate the conditions of his country. And they hoped that he would teach his son the liberal principles with which they credited him. Now all is changed. In almost every big town in Russia the people have been butchered by hundreds, and it is safe to say that few men are so intensely loathed as this poor little Grand Duke's

Photo *Gunther.*

Prince Albert of Flanders, heir to the throne of Belgium, and his son, Prince Leopold.

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father. As yet, fortunately, the Tsarevitch has no inkling of what is in store for him. His life is quite as happy as that of the average baby—happier, I daresay, than many, in that he has a mother who scarcely ever endures him out of her sight. The Tsarina's devotion to him amounts almost to idolatry. She invariably superintends his dressing, bathing, and feeding. One of her secretaries is engaged nearly all day studying new works from England, Germany, and America on the subject of baby-rearing. A short summary is prepared of any new theory of dieting or treatment, and these the Tsarina reads, making notes in her own handwriting of any points which interest her.

Photo *Adele.*
Archduke Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria.

There is a precious volume in the Tsarina's possession in which she keeps all the sketches and photographs taken of her boy. She herself has photographed and sketched the child numberless times.

Not long ago a minor official of the Court was summarily dismissed for attempting to purloin one of the Tsarina's sketches. It appears that an enterprising American journalist had bribed him into making the attempt.

The heir to the throne of Italy, Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, rejoices in an equally adoring mother. Italy, though very loyal to the reigning family, has always been a hotbed of Anarchists, and Queen Elena lives in perpetual fear lest one of these miscreants should harm her baby son. She is always coming to loggerheads with, and dismissing, the under nurses, because she imagines them somehow to have neglected or to mean harm to the boy, and every garment that comes near the sacred skin is first felt all over by the Queen, to make sure that it is well aired and contains nothing injurious.

Umberto is weighed every morning, and if by any chance his weight shows a slight decrease, the Queen and her physicians discuss the matter as solemnly as though it were some grave affair of State. The child is watched as was never infant before.

To those outside royal circles a prince in search of a wife is always an object of rather cynical pity. And pity, no doubt, he generally deserves. For quite half of these royal marriages have no more sentiment about them than a stock-exchange deal.

Photo *Chusseau-Flaviens.*
Prince Louis, heir to the Principality of Monaco, and his little son.

King Alphonso, in search of a bride, visited our shores lately. Provided she is of royal blood and a Catholic he is not likely to refuse any girl his advisers decide he shall marry. Luis-Philippe, the heir to the Portuguese throne, is also arriving at a marriageable age. He, too, is docile and obedient, and will certainly take what is offered him. Let us hope that the girl will be as charming as she is royal. For Luis-Philippe, from all accounts, is a very nice young man, and deserves to be as happy as the German Crown Prince.

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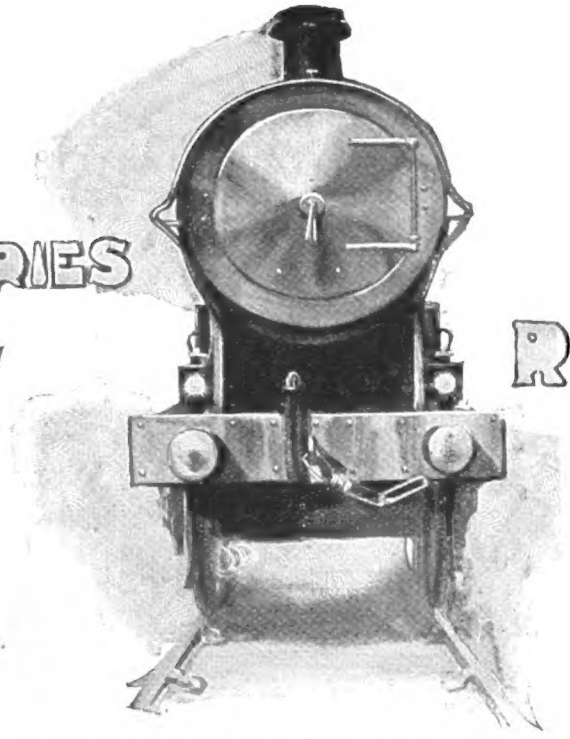
STORIES OF THE RAILWAY.



ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. HICKLING.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

Thorpe Hazell, the Hero of this Series, is an Eccentric Individual whose Hobbies are Vegetarianism, Physical Exercise, and the Solving of Railway Mysteries. His Successful Unravelling of another Knotty Problem forms the Subject of this Story.

III.—THE AFFAIR OF THE CORRIDOR EXPRESS.

THORPE HAZELL stood in his study in his London flat. On the opposite wall he had pinned a bit of paper, about an inch square, at the height of his eye, and was now going through the most extraordinary contortions.

With his eyes fixed on the paper he was craning his neck as far as it would reach and twisting his head about in all directions. This necessitated a fearful rolling of the eyes in order to keep them on the paper, and was supposed to be a means of strengthening the muscles of the eye for angular sight.

Presently there came a tap at the door.

"Come in!" cried Hazell, still whirling his head round.

"A gentleman wishes to see you at once, sir!" said the servant, handing him a card.

Hazell paused in his exercises, took it from the tray, and read:

"Mr. F. W. Wingrave, M.A., B.Sc."

"Oh, show him in," said Hazell, rather impatiently, for he hated to be interrupted when he was doing his "eye gymnastics."

There entered a young man of about five-and-twenty, with a look of keen anxiety on his face.

"You are Mr. Thorpe Hazell?" he asked.

"I am."

"You will have seen my name on my card—I am one of the masters at Shillington School—I had heard your name, and they told me at the station that it might be well to consult you—I hope you don't mind—I know you're not an ordinary detective, but——"

"Sit down, Mr. Wingrave," said Hazell, interrupting his nervous flow of language. "You look quite ill and tired."

"I have just been through a very trying experience," replied Wingrave, sinking into a seat. "A boy I was in charge of has just mysteriously disappeared, and I want you to find him for me, and I want to ask your opinion. They say you know all about railways, but——"

"Now, look here, my dear sir, you just have some hot toast and water before you say another word. I conclude you want to

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consult me on some railway matter. I'll do what I can, but I won't hear you till you've had some refreshment. Perhaps you prefer whiskey—though I don't advise it."

Wingrave, however, chose the whiskey, and Hazell poured him out some, adding soda-water.

"Thank you," he said. "I hope you'll be able to give me advice. I am afraid the poor boy must be killed; the whole thing is a mystery, and I——"

"Stop a bit, Mr. Wingrave. I must ask you to tell me the story from the very beginning. That's the best way."

"Quite right. The worry of it has made me incoherent, I fear. But I'll try and do what you propose. First of all, do you know the name of Carr-Mathers?"

"Yes, I think so. Very rich, is he not?"

"A millionaire. He has only one child, a boy of about ten, whose mother died at his birth. He is a small boy for his age, and idolised by his father. About three months ago this young Horace Carr-Mathers was sent to our school—Cragsbury House, just outside Shillington. It is not a very large school, but exceedingly select, and the headmaster, Dr. Spring, is well known in high-class circles. I may tell you that we have the sons of some of the leading nobility preparing for the public schools. You will readily understand that in such an establishment as ours the most scrupulous care is exercised over the boys, not only as regards their moral and intellectual training, but also to guard against any outside influences."

"Kidnapping, for example," interposed Hazell.

"Exactly. There have been such cases known, and Dr. Spring has a very high reputation to maintain. The slightest rumour against the school would go ill with him—and with all of us masters.

"Well, this morning the headmaster received a telegram about Horace Carr-Mathers, requesting that he should be sent up to town."

"Do you know the exact wording?" asked Hazell.

"I have it with me," replied Wingrave, drawing it from his pocket.

Hazell took it from him, and read as follows:—

"*Please grant Horace leave of absence for two days. Send him to London by 5.45*

Hazell took it from him and read.

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express from Shillingt n, in first-class carriage, giving guard instructions to look after him. We will meet train in town.—Carr-Mathers."

"Um," grunted Hazell, as he handed it back. "Well, he can afford long telegrams."

"Oh, he's always wiring about something or other," replied Wingrave; "he seldom writes a letter. Well, when the doctor received this he called me into his study.

"'I suppose I must let the boy go,' he said, 'but I'm not at all inclined to allow him to travel by himself. If anything should happen to him his father would hold us responsible as well as the railway company. So you had better take him up to town, Mr. Wingrave.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You need do no more than deliver him to his father. If Mr. Carr-Mathers is not at the terminus to meet him, take him with you in a cab to his house in Portland Place. You'll probably be able to catch the last train home, but, if not, you can get a bed at an hotel.'

"'Very good, sir.'

"So, shortly after half-past five, I found myself standing on the platform at Shillington, waiting for the London express."

"Now, stop a moment," interrupted Hazell, sipping a glass of filtered water which he had poured out for himself. "I want to get a clear notion of this journey of yours from the beginning, for, I presume, you will shortly be telling me that something strange happened during it. Was there anything to be noticed before the train started?"

"Nothing at the time. But I remembered afterwards that two men seemed to be watching me rather closely when I took the tickets, and I heard one of them say 'Confound,' beneath his breath. But my suspicions were not aroused at the moment."

"I see. If there is anything in this it was probably because he was disconcerted when he saw you were going to travel with the boy. Did these two men get into the train?"

"I'm coming to that. The train was in sharp to time, and we took our seats in a first-class compartment."

"Please describe the exact position."

"Our carriage was the third from the front. It was a corridor train, with access from carriage to carriage all the way through. Horace and myself were in a compartment alone. I had bought him some illustrated papers for the journey, and for some time he sat quietly enough looking through them. After a bit he grew fidgety, as you know boys will."

"Wait a minute. I want to know if the corridor of your carriage was on the left or on the right—supposing you to be seated facing the engine."

"On the left."

"Very well, go on."

"The door leading into the corridor stood open. It was still daylight, but dusk was setting in fast—I should say it was about half-past six or a little more. Horace had been looking out of the window on the right side of the train when I drew his attention to Rutherham Castle, which we were passing. It stands, as you know, on the left side of the line. In order to get a better view of it he went out into the corridor and stood there. I retained my seat on the right side of the compartment, glancing at him from time to time. He seemed interested in the corridor itself, looking about him, and once or twice shutting and opening the door of our compartment. I can see now that I ought to have kept a sharper eye on him, but I never dreamed that any accident could happen. I was reading a paper myself, and became rather interested in a paragraph. It may have been seven or eight minutes before I looked up. When I did so, Horace had disappeared.

"I didn't think anything of it at first, but only concluded that he had taken a walk along the corridor."

"You don't know which way he went?" inquired Hazell.

"No. I couldn't say. I waited a minute or two, and then rose and looked out into the corridor. There was no one there. Still my suspicions were not aroused. It was possible that he had gone to the lavatory. So I sat down again, and waited. Then I began to get a little anxious, and determined to have a look for him. I walked to either end of the corridor, and searched the lavatories, but they were both empty. Then I looked in all the other compartments of the carriage, and asked their occupants if they had seen him go by, but none of them had noticed him."

"Do you remember how these compartments were occupied?"

"Yes. In the first, which was reserved for ladies, there were five ladies. The next was a smoker with three gentlemen in it. Ours came next. Then, going towards the front of the train, were the two men I had noticed at Shillington; the last compartment had a gentleman and lady and their three children."

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"Ah! how about those two men—what were they doing?"

"One of them was reading a book, and the other appeared to be asleep."

"Tell me. Was the door leading to the corridor from their compartment shut?"

"Yes, it was."

"Go on."

"Well, I was in a most terrible fright, and I went back to my compartment and pulled the electric communicator. In a few seconds the front guard came along the corridor and asked me what I wanted. I told him I had lost my charge. He suggested that the boy had walked through to another carriage, and I asked him if he would mind my making a thorough search of the train with him. To this he readily agreed. We went back to the first carriage and began to do so. We examined every compartment from end to end of the train; we looked under every seat, in spite of the protestations of some of the passengers; we searched all the lavatories—every corner of the train—and we found absolutely no trace of Horace Carr-Mathers. No one had seen the boy anywhere."

"Had the train stopped?"

"Not for a second. It was going at full speed all the time. It only slowed down after we had finished the search—but it never quite stopped."

"Ah! We'll come to that presently. I want to ask you some questions first. Was it still daylight?"

"Dusk, but quite light enough to see plainly—besides which, the train lamps were lit."

"Exactly. Those two men, now, in the next compartment to yours—tell me precisely what happened when you visited them the second time with the guard."

"They asked a lot of questions—like many of the other passengers—and seemed very surprised."

"You looked underneath their seats?"

"Certainly."

"On the luggage-racks? A small boy like that could be rolled up in a rug and put on the rack."

"We examined every rack on the train."

Thorpe Hazell lit a cigarette and smoked furiously, motioning to his companion to keep quiet. He was thinking out the situation. Suddenly he said:

"How about the window in those two men's compartment?"

"It was shut—I particularly noticed it."

"You are *quite sure* you searched the whole of the train?"

"Absolutely certain; so was the guard."

"Ah!" remarked Hazell, "even guards are mistaken sometimes. It—er—was only the inside of the train you searched, eh?"

"Of course."

"Very well," replied Hazell, "now, before we go any further, I want to ask you this. Would it have been to anyone's interest to have murdered the boy?"

"I don't think so—from what I know. I don't see how it could be."

"Very well. We will take it as a pure case of kidnapping, and presume that he is alive and well. This ought to console you to begin with."

"Do you think you can help me?"

"I don't know yet. But go on and tell me all that happened."

"Well, after we had searched the train I was at my wits' end—and so was the guard. We both agreed, however, that nothing more could be done till we reached London. Somehow, my strongest suspicions concerning those two men were aroused, and I travelled in their compartment for the rest of the journey."

"Oh! Did anything happen?"

"Nothing. They both wished me good-night, hoped I'd find the boy, got out, and drove off in a hansom."

"And then?"

"I looked about for Mr. Carr-Mathers, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then I saw an inspector, and put the case before him. He promised to make inquiries and to have the line searched on the part where I missed Horace. I took a hansom to Portland Place, only to discover that Mr. Carr-Mathers is on the Continent and not expected home for a week. Then I came on to you—the inspector had advised me to do so. And that's the whole story. It's a terrible thing for me, Mr. Hazell. What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied Hazell, "of course it's very clear that there is a distinct plot. Someone sent that telegram, knowing Mr. Carr-Mather's proclivities. The object was to kidnap the boy. It sounds absurd to talk of brigands and ransoms in this country, but the thing is done over and over again for all that. It is obvious that the boy was expected to travel alone, and that the train was the place chosen for the kidnapping. Hence the elaborate directions. I think you were quite right in suspecting those two men, and it might have been better if you had followed them up without coming to me."

"But they went off alone!"

"Exactly. It's my belief they had

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originally intended doing so after disposing of Horace, and that they carried out their original intentions."

"But what became of the boy?—how did they——"

"Stop a bit. I'm not at all clear in my own mind. But you mentioned that while you were concluding your search with the guard the train slackened speed?"

"Yes. It almost came to a stop—and then went very slowly for a minute or so. I asked the guard why, but I didn't understand his reply."

"What was it?"

"He said it was a P.W. operation."

Hazell laughed.

"P.W. stands for permanent way," he explained, "I know exactly what you mean now. There is a big job going on near Longmoor—they are raising the level of the line, and the up-trains are running on temporary rails. So they have to proceed very slowly. Now it was after this that you went back to the two men whom you suspected?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now let me think the thing over. Have some more whiskey? You might also like to glance at the contents of my bookcase. If you know anything of first editions and bindings they will interest you."

Wingrave, it is to be feared, paid but small heed to the books, but watched Hazell anxiously as the latter smoked cigarette after cigarette, his brows knit in deep thought. After a bit he said slowly:

"You will understand that I am going to work upon the theory that the boy has been kidnapped and that the original intention has been carried out, in spite of the accident of your presence in the train. How the boy was disposed of meanwhile is what baffles me; but that is a detail—though it will be interesting to know how it was done. Now, I don't want to raise any false hopes, because I may very likely be wrong, but we are going to take action upon a very feasible assumption, and if I am at all correct, I hope to put you definitely on the track. Mind, I don't promise to do so, and, at best, I don't promise to do *more* than put you on a track. Let me see—it's just after nine. We have plenty of time. We'll drive first to Scotland Yard, for it will be as well to have a detective with us."

He filled a flask with milk, put some plasmon biscuits and a banana into a sandwich case, and then ordered his servant to hail a cab.

An hour later, Hazell, Wingrave, and a man from Scotland Yard were closeted together in one of the private offices of the Mid-Eastern Railway with one of the chief officials of the line. The latter was listening attentively to Hazell.

"But I can't understand the boy not being anywhere in the train, Mr. Hazell," he said.

"I can—partly," replied Hazell, "but first let me see if my theory is correct."

"By all means. There's a down-train in a few minutes. I'll go with you, for the matter is very interesting. Come along, gentlemen."

He walked forward to the engine and gave a few instructions to the driver, and then they took their seats in the train. After a run of half an hour or so they passed a station.

"That's Longmoor," said the official, "now we shall soon be on the spot. It's about a mile down that the line is being raised."

Hazell put his head out of the window. Presently an ominous red light showed itself. The train came almost to a stop, and then proceeded slowly, the man who had shown the red light changing it to green. They could see him as they passed, standing close to a little temporary hut. It was his duty to warn all approaching drivers, and for this purpose he was stationed some three hundred yards in front of the bit of line that was being operated upon. Very soon they were passing this bit. Naphtha lamps shed a weird light over a busy scene, for the work was being continued night and day. A score or so of sturdy navvies were shovelling and picking along the track.

Once more into the darkness. On the other side of the scene of operations, at the same distance, was another little hut, with a guardian for the up-train. Instead of increasing the speed in passing this hut, which would have been usual, the driver brought the train almost to a standstill. As he did so the four men got out of the carriage, jumping from the footboard to the ground. On went the train, leaving them on the left side of the down track, just opposite the little hut. They could see the man standing outside, his back partly turned to them. There was a fire in a brazier close by that dimly outlined his figure.

He started suddenly, as they crossed the line towards him.

"What are you doing here?" he cried. "You've no business here—you're trespassing."

He was a big, strong-looking man, and

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he backed a little towards his hut as he spoke.

"I am Mr. Mills, the assistant-superintendent of the line," replied the official, coming forward.

"Beg pardon, sir; but how was I to know that?" growled the man.

"Quite right. It's your duty to warn off strangers. How long have you been stationed here?"

"I came on at five o'clock; I'm regular night-watchman, sir."

"Ah! Pretty comfortable, eh?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied the man, wondering why the question was asked, but thinking, not unnaturally, that the assistant-superintendent had come down with a party of engineers to inspect things.

"Got the hut to yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

Without another word, Mr. Mills walked to the door of the hut. The man, his face suddenly growing pale, moved, and stood with his back to it.

"It's—it's private, sir!" he growled.

Hazell laughed.

"All right, my man," he said. "I was right, I think—hullo!—look out! Don't let him go!"

For the man had made a quick rush forward. But the Scotland Yard officer and Hazell were on him in a moment, and a few seconds later the handcuffs clicked on his wrists. Then they flung the door open, and there, lying in the corner, gagged and bound, was Horace Carr-Mathers.

An exclamation of joy broke forth from Wingrave, as he opened his knife to cut the cords. But Hazell stopped him.

"Just half a moment," he said: "I want to see how they've tied him up."

A peculiar method had been adopted in doing this. His wrists were fastened behind his back, a stout cord was round his body just under the arm-pits, and another cord above the knees. These were connected by a slack bit of rope.

"All right!" went on Hazell; "let's get the poor lad out of his troubles—there, that's better. How do you feel, my boy?"

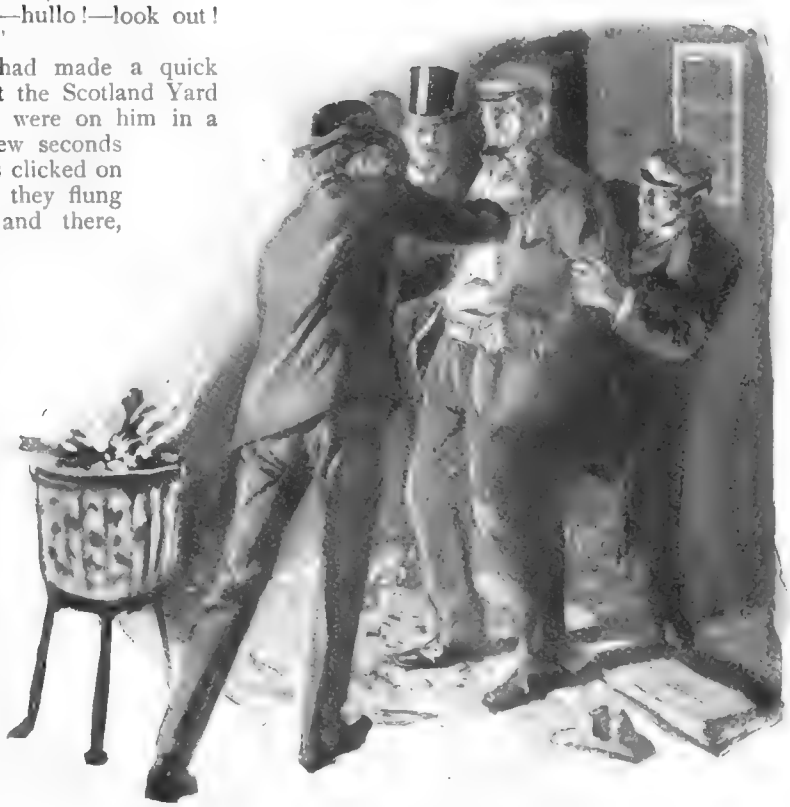
"Awfully stiff!" said Horace, "but I'm not hurt. I say, sir," he continued to Wingrave, "how did you know I was here. I *am* glad you've come."

"The question is how did you *get* here?" replied Wingrave. "Mr. Hazell, here, seemed to know where you were, but it's a puzzle to me at present."

"If you'd come half-an-hour later you wouldn't have found him," growled the man who was handcuffed. "I ain't so much to blame as them as employed me."

"Oh, is that how the land lies?" exclaimed Hazell. "I see. You shall tell us presently, my boy, how it happened. Meanwhile, Mr. Mills, I think we can prepare a little trap—eh?"

In five minutes all was arranged. A couple of the navvies were brought up from the line,



But the Scotland Yard officer and Hazell were on him in a moment.

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one stationed outside to guard against trains, and with certain other instructions, the other being inside the hut with the rest of them. A third navvy was also dispatched for the police.

"How are they coming?" asked Hazell of the handcuffed man.

"They were going to take a train down from London to Rockhampstead on the East Northern, and drive over. It's about ten miles off."

"Good! they ought soon to be here," replied Hazell, as he munched some biscuits and washed them down with a draught of milk, after which he astonished them all by solemnly going through one of his "digestive exercises."

A little later they heard the sound of wheels on a road beside the line. Then the man on watch said, in gruff tones:

"The boy's inside!"

But they found more than the boy inside, and an hour later all three conspirators were safely lodged in Longmoor gaol.

"Oh, it was awfully nasty, I can tell you," said Horace Carr-Mathers, as he explained matters afterwards. "I went into the corridor, you know, and was looking about at things, when all of a sudden I felt my coat-collar grasped behind, and a hand was laid over my mouth. I tried to kick and shout, but it was no go. They got me into the compartment, stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth, and tied it in. It was just beastly. Then they bound me hand and foot, and opened the window on the right-hand side — opposite the corridor. I was in a funk, for I thought they were going to throw me out, but one of them told me to keep my pecker up, as they weren't going to hurt me. Then they let me down out of the window by that slack rope, and made it fast to the handle of the door outside. It was pretty bad. There was I, hanging from the door-handle in a sort of doubled-up position, my back resting on the footboard of the carriage, and the train rushing along like mad. I felt sick and awful, and I had to shut my eyes. I seemed to hang there for ages."

Then they let me down out of the window by that slack rope.

"I told you you only examined the *inside* of the train," said Thorpe Hazell to Wingrave. "I had my suspicions that he was somewhere on the outside all the time, but I was puzzled to know where. It was a clever trick."

"Well," went on the boy, "I heard the window open above me after a bit. I looked up and saw one of the men taking the rope off the handle. The train was just beginning to slow down. Then he hung out of the window, dangling me with one hand. It was horrible. I was hanging below the footboard now. Then

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the train came almost to a stop, and someone caught me round the waist. I lost my senses for a minute or two, and then I found myself lying in the hut."

"Well, Mr. Hazell," said the assistant-superintendent, "you were perfectly right, and we all owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Oh!" said Hazell, "it was only a guess at the best. I presumed it was simply kidnapping, and the problem to be solved was how and where the boy was got off the train without injury. It was obvious that he had been disposed of before the train reached London. There was only one other inference. The man on duty was evidently the confederate, for, if not, his presence would have stopped the whole plan of action. I'm very glad to have been of any use. There are interesting points about the case, and it has been a pleasure to me to undertake it."

A little while afterwards Mr. Carr-Mathers himself called on Hazell to thank him.

"I should like," he said, "to express my deep gratitude substantially; but I understand you are not an ordinary detective. But is there any way in which I can serve you, Mr. Hazell?"

"Yes—two ways."

"Please name them."

"I should be sorry for Mr. Wingrave to get into trouble through this affair—or Dr. Spring either."

"I understand you, Mr. Hazell. They were both to blame, in a way. But I will see that Dr. Spring's reputation does not suffer, and that Wingrave comes out of it harmlessly."

"Thank you very much."

"You said there was a second way in which I could serve you."

"So there is. At Dunn's sale last month you were the purchaser of two first editions of 'The New Bath Guide.' If you cared to dispose of one, I——"

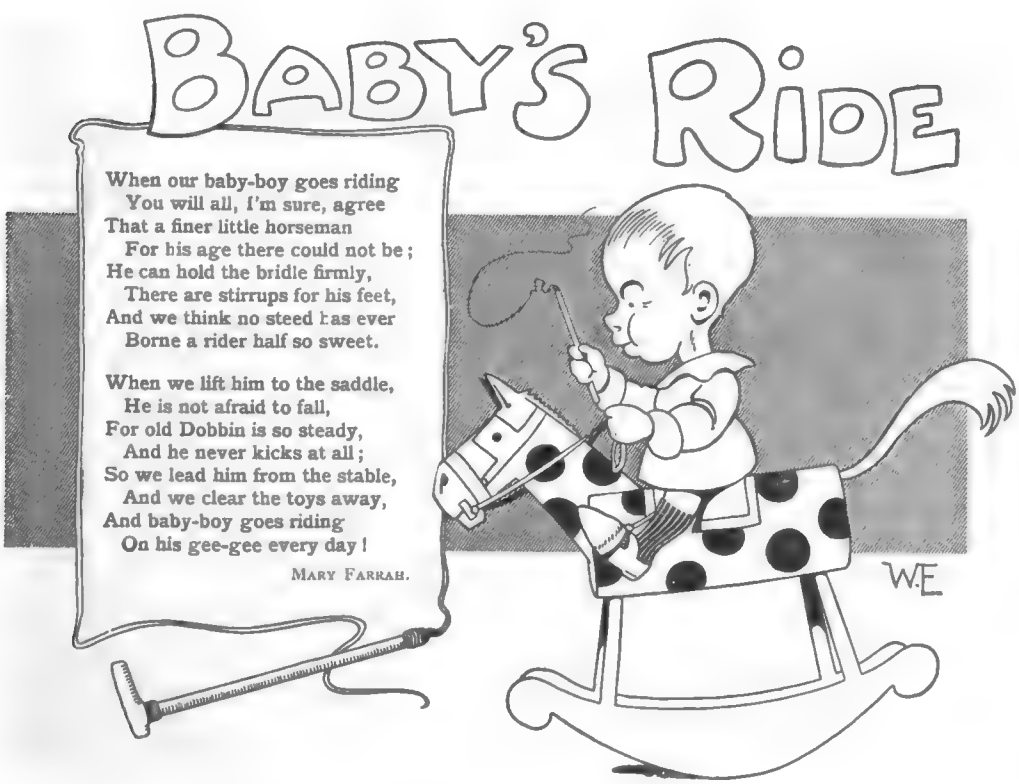
"Say no more, Mr. Hazell. I shall be glad to give you one for your collection."

Hazell stiffened.

"You misunderstand me!" he exclaimed icily. "I was about to add that if you cared to dispose of a copy I would write you out a cheque."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Carr-Mathers with a smile, "I shall be extremely pleased."

Whereupon the transaction was concluded.


BABY'S RIDE
When our baby-boy goes riding
You will all, I'm sure, agree
That a finer little horseman
For his age there could not be;
He can hold the bridle firmly,
There are stirrups for his feet,
And we think no steed has ever
Borne a rider half so sweet.
When we lift him to the saddle,
He is not afraid to fall,
For old Dobbin is so steady,
And he never kicks at all;
So we lead him from the stable,
And we clear the toys away,
And baby-boy goes riding
On his gee-gee every day!
MARY FARRAH.
W.E.

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Sweet Lavender

The first process—Cutting the Lavender.

How the Fragrant Flower is Harvested.

By H. L. Adam.

Immediately you emerge from the railway-station at Wallington you are made pleasantly conscious that you are in the land of lavender. That is, provided you visit the place about August of the year when the reaping is in full operation.

It is the work of boys to collect the fragrant branches.

What prettier sight is there than a field of lavender? A vast stretch of heliotrope, looking as smooth in the distance as a billiard table; delightful to gaze on, refreshing to smell. It is very pleasant to stand in the middle of a field, and watch the labourers at work, gathering in the harvest. Men and women, boys and girls, are there, the former with a reaping-hook dexterously cutting down the branches, the latter laying the lavender out to dry on cocoanut-matting. It is then rolled up, skewered, placed in a cart, and taken to the distillery.

At one time the work of gathering in and distilling occupied about three months; now it is accomplished in from six weeks to two months. The distillery is well worth a visit, for it is presided over by a lady—Miss Sprules—in whose family the business has been for a century of years. It is also due to her that this at one time declining industry has of recent years received a new lease of life.

About a score or so years ago several bad crops led to a rise in the price of oils, with the consequent introduction of the oils of other countries, principally from America and Japan, which were inferior in quality, but lower in price. The latter, however, was the more important consideration, and carried the day, as it generally does. As lavender growing and distillation was the staple form of industry in Mitcham and Wallington, as it still is at the latter place, the foreign competition created widespread local misery, and during the winter months the inhabitants were reduced to a condition bordering on starvation.

It was at this juncture that Miss Sprules came to the rescue. She at once set to work to revive the industry by studying it closely and overcoming its difficulties. She further introduced the manufacture of lavender water from the oil which was kept back from the London dealers, and so found still further employment for her needy neighbours. Being the owner of a still and a grower, she was enabled to carry her scheme through to a successful issue, the business just now being in a particularly flourishing condition.

It is interesting to know that this energetic lady makes the lavender water herself—bottles, labels, and covers with her own fingers; she also adjusts the decorative piece of blue ribbon, and packs the bottles in boxes to send away. Miss Sprules also distils peppermint, rosemary and camomile; and yet another

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branch of her many-sided business is the cultivation of the deep red damask rose of Provence, which is dried and supplied to druggists to be made into a medicinal conserve of roses; this mixed with milk, and taken in the morning, is an excellent remedy for delicate chests. It is also used as an ingredient in other medicines. Women and children are employed in the cultivation, drying, and packing of the roses.

The distillery at Wallington is a long brick building, open on one side, and with one floor above, where the copper stills are filled. The work is rather heavy, so the men employed are big and strong. Huge fires are kept going below.

As the lavender comes in from the fields it is thrown up on to the first-floor in bundles. Every

Making the branches into bundles with cocoanut-matting.

Loading the bundles to be carted to the distillery.

water is running out below into what are called "cages" — square, wooden arrangements, between three and four feet high, with wire lids. Inside these are metal receivers, with perforated tops, and a tap at the bottom. The oil and water run through the

eight hours the stills are recharged, an operation which is performed in the following manner.

The still is opened at the top, and a large pair of iron tongs, attached by a chain to a crank, is inserted and drags out the steaming refuse, which is pitched through a doorway on to the ground outside. When the still is empty it is again filled with lavender, a man getting inside and stamping it down.

All the time, the oil with

The stokers in charge of the big fires which must always be kept going.

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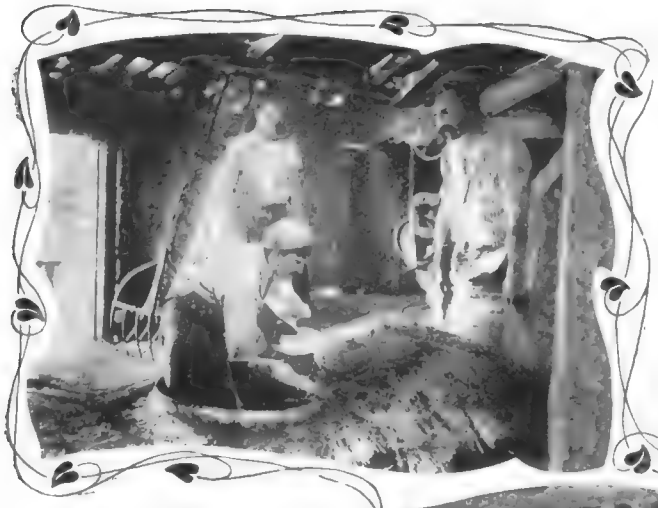

To fill the still a man gets inside and stamps the lavender down as he puts it in.

perforation at the top, the oil remains inside, the water running out through the tap below into another receptacle. The oil is then filtered, bottled, and dispatched to the druggists and perfumers.

The peppermint water is a perquisite of the employés, who take it home and bottle it, regarding it as a remedy for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The workers think a very great deal of this water, both as a medicine and as a refreshing drink.

The odour that emanates from the cages is very powerful; that from the peppermint is extremely pungent, and at close quarters it acts almost like an anæsthetic, a drowsy feeling taking possession of you.

The refuse from the stills is used for manuring the land, and as a substitute for straw in stables. The peppermint grows beside the lavender, and the chalky soil of Surrey is favourable to both. It should be mentioned that the stills are rented by the various growers, who bring their produce from the fields to the distillery.

Lavender is a very ancient and a very modest perfume; its use in this country may be traced back so far as the early part of the sixteenth century. It is the subject of one of London's oldest and most popular street cries—"Sweet lavender!"—which has become all but extinct. The advent of the lavender sellers in the streets, with their tuneful "Sixteen branches a penny," was always popularly supposed in some way to mark the period of the summer, like the exit of the swallows. In their melody was traced the sad refrain of a friend's farewell, and the observant housewife would remark, "Ah, good-bye to the summer!"

By means of big iron tongs the steaming refuse branches are removed from the still, prior to recharging.

The popular scent ready to be taken away and bottled.

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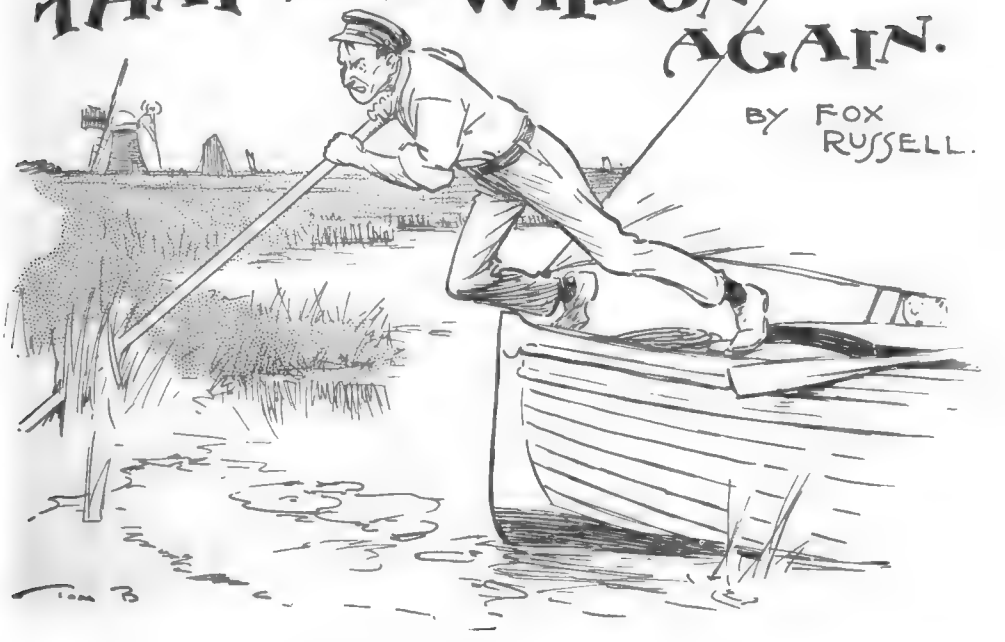
THAT ASS WILSON AGAIN.

BY FOX RUSSELL.



The History of a Holiday on the Norfolk Broads.

Of course it was that ass Wilson who suggested that we four clerks in Crogger, Prowle, & Co. should take our holiday on the Norfolk Broads. Wilson always does suggest our greatest failures. Last year, when we tried camping out on the banks of the Silver Thames—well, everything that went wrong then was Wilson's fault, though, of course, *he* couldn't see it. Some men are so absolutely blind to their own faults and so ready to see evil in a friend!

Wilson made himself a great deal too officious on that occasion. He it was who "squared"—instead of letting us fight—the brutal keeper on whose land we had unwittingly trespassed; it was he who bribed the aggressive police constable at our tent; he who brought a cooked ham when we, as volunteers with martial instincts, wanted to roast our food ourselves. True, we didn't know how to do it; but then one learns such matters *easily* in a week or two.

And it will always lie at Wilson's door that we abandoned our camp the day the rain soaked through our tent and spoiled the provisions, and mildly went into lodgings instead.

Yes; Simmons, Bates, and I had by no means either forgotten or forgiven Wilson's shortcomings, but we decided to give the fellow another chance by taking him into the party again for our summer holidays.

We had held solemn conclave upon the subject of where we should go. Bates had suggested Margate.

"We could go as beach nigger-minstrels, and probably pay our expenses," he said hopefully.

The idea was received enthusiastically, and I really think would have been carried out, but of course Wilson must needs remind us that none of the four knew a note of music. Wilson always was a wet-blanket on the rest of us.

"Very well, then," I said resignedly—I never care to contend with people like Wilson—"what do you suggest, Simmons?"

"I say, let's hire a small sailing-boat and cruise down the West Coast, cross to the Channel Islands, and then——"

"But we're always sea-sick!"

Wilson again! you really can't repress the fellow. It did happen to be true, but what of that?

"Why shouldn't we take a boat, on the Norfolk Broads, where we couldn't possibly be sick?" said Wilson.

And that day week we stood on the bank of

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Squashmere Broad, luggage in hand, prepared to board the *Saucy Sally*.

"You'll want a hand with you," quoth a blue-guernseyed boatman who was helping to get our traps on board.

"Yes, I think that would be the best plan——" began Wilson, when Simmons said:

"Certainly not. Do you really think we can't manage a boat?"

"Might manage the boat right enough, if you knows how; but ye see, sir, ye doan't know nothin' about these Broads, nor where the mud-banks lie."

"Thank you," I said haughtily, "we know how to take care of ourselves."

And the man said nothing more, but having insisted on half the hire money being paid in advance, he hoisted our mainsail and shoved us off.

Bates took the helm, and with a fair wind we sailed away. The boatman shouted some instructions (which, of course, we ignored) and stared pensively into the water. It was a glorious afternoon, and we were thoroughly enjoying the quaint scenery around.

"Reminds one of Holland," said Simmons with a superior air.

"Exactly!" chimed in Bates, who had never been there.

"What glorious sunshine," I exclaimed, sniffing the ambient air. "What a radiant light it sheds upon the surrounding landsca——"

Suddenly we all four sat down. The action was unanimous and involuntary. The *Saucy Sally* had run hard and fast upon a mud-bank.

We looked reproachfully at Bates, who was steering.

"Well, how could I be supposed to know that there was a beastly shallow here? It's quite invisible, and even if it weren't, Wilson was standing right in the way and have blocked out my view, even if I'd had one!" exclaimed Bates angrily.

Wilson's fault again!

However, I admit that it was he who grasped the quant pole and began shoving vigorously to get her afloat again. The rest of us felt that his efforts would be useless, so we naturally did nothing but look on—and then Wilson gave such a mighty heave that the boat slipped off into deep water and the suddenness of the shock shot us all over again. Really, Wilson might have shown some little consideration for his friends—but no! the act was thoroughly illustrative of the man. It was Wilson all over—and we—well, we were all over Wilson!

"Thank you," I said haughtily, "we know how to take care of ourselves."

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Extricating ourselves, we seized upon the ropes lying about, and hauled. The result was disastrous, for the mainsail came down with a run, and enveloped us in its folds.

And all through Wilson! We struggled, we hit each other through the enveloping canvas, and finally emerged, hot and breathless, and glaring ferociously at each other.

By the time we got the canvas upon her again, the *Saucy Sally* had drifted well out into the Broad. The sails didn't seem to set quite the same as they had done when the boatman hoisted them—the jib-headed topsail was upside down, and although that probably didn't matter, it seemed a little—well—unusual. However, we couldn't bother about that. And then I took the tiller—we had had quite enough of Bates's pilotage.

I steered along the edge of the shore, quite close to the rushes. I began singing:

"The sun was setting, the hour was late,
Once more I stood by the wicket gate.
My lady called——"

"Then let her wait!" broke in Simmons. "Where did you put the bottled beer? I've been searching all over the place for it."

That's the worst of Simmons; he is too material for the true enjoyment of scenic beauties. He would cheerfully exchange a sight of the Niagara Falls for a bottle of Bass and a chunk of pork pie.

I ceased my song and dived my head beneath the turtle-back to indicate the "Light dinner ale, 2s. 6d. a doz." Unfortunately, my attention being thus distracted, another yacht, which had been sailing up the Broad, came perilously near to being run down by us. Whilst my head was invisible below, loud shouts from the other yacht announced that the *Saucy Sally* was evidently bearing down on the shouters. Of course I should have gone back to the helm in time to avert disaster, but that officious idiot Wilson must needs jump at the tiller and jam it hard down, on his own responsibility. Thereby we just avoided a collision, actually grazing some paint off the other's side as we passed.

Followed by the unflattering remarks of the recently escaped yachtsmen . . . we pursued our course.

Followed by the unflattering observations of the recently escaped yachtsmen, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, we pursued our course along the reed-grown shore. At last I spied the very spot to land at, but somehow or other the *Saucy Sally* did not seem to go well sideways, and I entirely failed to edge her in near enough to hook on to the bank.

Simmons tried to be funny, affecting to be on a river steamboat, and calling "Back her! Stop her! Turn her astarn!—" and then, as we kept gliding onward instead of stopping, he seized the boat-hook and grabbed at the rushy bank. This nearly brought about a disaster. He overbalanced himself and, but

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for Wilson's interference, would certainly have gone head-foremost into the water.

"Why not lower the sail?" asked Wilson. Well, of course anyone could do that. So Bates let go the rope rather suddenly, and in a moment the whole sail fell on deck with a crash.

Bates laughed and said it was "a wholesale" fall in canvas.

"Shall we haul up here for the night and have supper?" said Wilson cheerily, at the same time quanting the boat towards the shore.

We took his advi—I don't mean that—but we happened to all think the same. So we hooked on to the bank and dived below for the plates and dishes.

The tinned meats, which were to be our staple diet, were first produced, then some sardine boxes, and all was ready. And then—just like Wilson!—he said he couldn't open the tins.

"Why not? I should like to know," I asked imperiously.

"Well, because apparently you've forgotten to bring anything to open them with," was his mild reply.

That was just his aggravating way. I certainly *had* said I would provide the sardine openers, etc., but I simply didn't happen to remember to bring them. Why should Wilson fuss over trifles like that?

"Give me the tin here," I said, "I'll jolly soon show you how to open it!"

I picked up a marlingspike, put the tin on the deck, gave it one terrific blow—and the confounded thing shot overboard and sank!

And then Wilson grinned. I could have kicked him but that he's a size larger than I am. And of course I shouldn't really like to hurt Wilson—unless I could get out of his way pretty quickly afterwards!

At length we triumphed over the obduracy of tin and solder, and although the crowbar slipped into the meat, it only gave it a slight taste of iron—which, after all, is good for one's system, isn't it?

Then we had supper. Simmons never will learn that bottled stout must *not* be "slopped out" into a tumbler, and the bubbling deluge he released on deck not only ran up his own sleeve and then soaked into Wilson's white flannels, but also trickled down the back of my neck as I sat on the cabin stairs.

Bates growled throughout the proceedings, because there was nothing to flavour the tinned meat with (someone having forgotten the condiments), whilst Wilson seriously annoyed us all by his meretricious attempts at hilarity—Wilson really is most irritating. However untoward circumstances may be, it is always Wilson who is trying, with a perverse Mark Tapleyism all his own, to make the best of things. That sort of man is quite beneath contempt.

We sat on deck all the evening smoking our pipes and pretending to enjoy the stillness. But I think the prospect of exchanging it for even a third-rate music hall would have been more than welcome.

There was much friction when the time arrived for apportioning the shelves—berths I mean. Simmons, Bates, and I held a consultation the result of which was that we all thought the sleeping place in the bows (which had neither light nor air) was far better adapted for Wilson than for any of us. This point was settled easily, but the allocation of the other berths was much more difficult. Bates said he must have a room with a south aspect, while Simmons stood out for the berth nearest the port-hole, and I positively declined to take the only other one—which was full of draughts.

So we came to a dead-lock, and after sulkily telling Wilson where he was to sleep, we others obstinately remained on deck. Wilson merely said: "Good-night, you fellows," and turned in early.

Finally, we crawled sleepily down and went to bed. And then we were kept awake the remainder of the night by Wilson's snores. *He* could sleep, even in the worst berth of the lot! Just like his utter selfishness.

Next morning, we turned out early, decided not to bathe, and after a hasty toilet set to work to prepare breakfast. This dispatched, we hoisted our sails—at least, we three suggested to Wilson that it would be more becoming in him to do this, than to stand about with his hands in his pockets. We others superintended, as it were. Things seemed in rather a muddle, so I suggested that I should take command.

I knew the meaning of a few nautical terms, and devoutly trusting that the others did *not*, I sprang to the tiller and called out:

"Now my lads, jump about and look lively! Get a pull on your foresheet and cleat it to the stanchions" (I felt a little uncertain as to what "stanchions" were), "overhaul your lee runner! now all together! up with her; roust her up—also yo ho!—once more! up with her, my lads—that'sit. Now make fast your mainsheet. Set your jib and foresail—make fast—I mean let go—now we're off! Hullo, what the—where the—why the— —"

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For we were apparently sailing stern foremost, at first, and then gradually describing a circle (as soon as we forged ahead), which ran us hard into the bank again!

Then Bates, with a disgusted expression, cried out:

"Why, you silly owl, you've never let go the anchor!"

It *was* rather awkward to explain away, but I took the bold course immediately:

"Is it *my* place as captain to get in the anchor?" I asked witheringly. "Why didn't one of you fellows think of it?"

"Don't be an ass," he rejoined tartly. "As you call yourself captain, it was your place to tell us to unanchor ourselves."

"Well, shove off, lads," I cried in breezy tones (always be breezy when afloat: it is a sure card to play), "haul in your hawser, and one hand jump ashore, and sling the—the—er—the whatsitsname—" (I rather slurred over this last word, and in the hurry and excitement of the moment none of them noticed it), "and unhook the anchor!"

A puff of wind came to our assistance, our sails filled, and away went the *Saucy Sally* in splendid style. I just let go the helm for an instant, to clap my hands and cry:

"Right ho!—we're off!'

I ought to have added "*absit omen,*" for the words proved prophetic. Momentarily released from the pressure of the helm, the yacht flew up into the wind, the boom swung over and literally cleared the deck of all four of us. We were "off" indeed!

Had not our small boat been towing astern, I don't know what would have happened. We all clung frantically to it. Of course Wilson must needs struggle over the side into the boat, and then try to pull us in. Finding this impossible, he shouted for help, and by good luck, two men on shore heard, and rowed out to us. They quickly dragged us aboard the *Saucy Sally* again; and then, just as we were scrambling below to get into dry clothing all three of the ungrateful wretches turned on *me!* They actually accused *me* of causing the disaster!

The insult was too gross to brook. I would return to town at once. I felt that I could accept no apology; more especially as none was offered.

And the insufferable Wilson (whom, just to show that there was really no ill-feeling, I permitted to carry my bag the two miles of dusty road to the railway station) actually said, as we shook hands at parting: "So sorry to lose you; I should much have preferred you to stay on with us, but the other fellows overruled me."

According to his own account, nothing ever is the fault of that ass Wilson!

The boom swung over and literally cleared the deck of all four of us.

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Seaside Sand-Designing Contests for Children.

By H. G. Groves.

Not so many years ago seaside resorts were, as a rule, chiefly remarkable for their dulness. On the "front" an occasional hurdy-gurdy grunted forth sounds supposed to be musical, while a monkey on a long chain rattled a collecting box, and made frightful grimaces at the audience. The old-established firm of Punch and Judy, supported by the dog Toby, brightened the tedium of almost everlasting loafing and laziness amongst the grown-ups, and provided an opportunity for healthy laughter in the ranks of the youngsters.

The most fashionable of the popular towns by the sea sometimes startled the visitors by letting loose a wheezy band upon the beach or "jetty."

But there were no pierrots; no gorgeously attired musicians hailing from "Austria"; no monster theatres and music-halls to discount the healthy effects of daily doses of ozone; no Big Wheels; no motor char-à-bancs; no Scarlet Nightingales at the pier pavilions; no operatic or dramatic stars giving "flying matinées." In fact, the average seaside resort, lacking such charming variety, was once a Very Dull Place indeed.

It is an age of advancement. The popular seaside resort woke up and stretched its arms, and decided to go ahead. The amusement caterer is now practically a *sine quâ non*.

The children have not been forgotten. Where formerly a youngster was given a wooden spade and a tin bucket, and, with these "props"—as a theatrical man would say—expected to provide himself with recreation and amusement, we find the little ones looked after and catered for on quite an elaborate scale.

Besides being privileged to a share in the pleasure of their parents in most of the amusements of the day, they have their own particular events, organised for their exclusive enjoyment during the holidays. For instance, we have Children's Regattas, Hoop Parades, and, last, but by no means least, those particularly splendid and exciting affairs known as Sand-Design Competitions, with plenty of excellent prizes to stimulate their originality and ingenuity.

Sand-Design Competitions are now held every summer in many of the seaside resorts around the coast. They have grown to be quite important events, to which parents look forward with almost as much pleasure and anticipation as do their offspring, with an eye to the prizes and kudos which run hand in hand with successful effort.

At Bournemouth, Hastings, Yarmouth, etc., thousands of youngsters take part in the erection of glorified sand castles, forts, and pyramids. The efforts of many of the youthful architects are often really striking and artistic to a degree.

It is generally conceded that to Bournemouth belongs the honour of originating such competitions — one having been organised there quite a good many years ago.

By the way, on this point quite a pretty little dispute arose between two east coast resorts—Bridlington and Broadstairs. Both claimed the honour of being the original organisers of sand competitions for children.

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By permission of Bovril Ltd.

General view of a sand-building competition—waiting for the Judges.

There was quite a wordy warfare between certain representatives of each resort, and the battle was on the point of assuming alarming proportions when the dispute became known on the south coast.

Then Bournemouth sailed in quietly, and, with undeniable proofs, showed very conclusively that to her the honour must be yielded.

As soon as the announcement of a coming sand-design competition is placarded through those towns which have made them an annual affair, the interest of the juvenile inhabitants becomes manifest. Little groups of boys stand together eagerly devouring the advertisement with their eyes and passing comments on the prizes to be given:

"I say! A leather dressing-case first prize."

"Cost three guineas! Must be a stunner."

"I'll have a try for it."

"Yah; you can't build castles."

"Can't I? You'll see."

"Harry Mason won a spiffing watch last year. He'll win that bag most likely."

"'Tisn't fair to let him win twice."

"Look here! Next prize, a cricket outfit worth two pounds!"

"Any consolation prizes?"

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Giving finishing touches to a masterpiece.

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"Rather. Look down at the bottom there. Fifty pencil-cases."

"That's all right. I ought to get one of them, anyhow."

The girls are equally excited. Drawing-books are fished out of cupboards and boxes, and rough designs of impossible palaces and moated castles planned. Vows are made that a steady course of sand-manipulation will be practised every day, with the idea of practice making perfect, on the eventful day of the competition.

Entry-forms are in great demand. These are generally to be obtained from two or three good-natured local tradesmen, whose shops are accordingly invaded for several days.

"Please give me one."

Perhaps half-a-dozen youngsters are crying out at once, and a dozen hands extended to grab the coveted slip of paper.

"Mind you fill it up correctly, now," is the warning given.

A confident smile is the response, and the printed slip is carefully stowed away in some mysteriously situated pocket.

A mite with his nose scarcely above the counter squeaks out:

"Don't forget me, please."

"All right, Master Goliah. Can you write?"

"Yes; where shall I put my name?"

"Down there. See?"

"Must I keep the paper?"

"Yes, until the day."

"Shall I give it to you then?"

"No; give it up to the man on the beach."

"Must I write my name in full?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Shall I give it to the man, or will he come and take it from me?"

"Give it up."

"Is this space for the address?"

"Yes."

"Full address?"

"Oh, bother, yes, of course."

"You see, I don't want to make a mistake."

"Better not."

"And the——?"

"Oh, be off!"

The boy retires, looking rather dissatisfied. This sort of thing goes on for three or four days, until the worried tradesman wishes the competition anywhere else in the world.

A prize-winning design and its constructors.

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Photo *Thomas.*

A competition in full swing. The competitors are working at great speed in order to complete their models before the signal to stop is given.

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The more diligent among the intending competitors start practising hard every day. As soon as the tide has receded the whole face of the sands gradually becomes covered with all sorts of strange devices and curious erections of sand, stones, shells, and seaweed.

By the time the eventful day arrives all is excitement among the youth of both sexes.

Armed with duly filled up entry forms, together with implements of various shapes and sizes, the youngsters storm the beach in hundreds. The ingenuity displayed by some in recruiting household articles into their service is extraordinary. Where some of the intending prize-winners carry nothing more than a wooden spade, or a piece of pointed stick to work with, others possess an elaborate outfit, such as small coal-shovels, toasting-forks, soup-spoons, cups and saucers, jelly-shapes (to create artistic effects in sand), and even old meat-tins.

The more scientific also carry foot rules and compasses, and appear ready to tackle the job in a thoroughly business-like fashion, like real builders of real castles!

Some produce accessories to add beauty to their work. One has a large bag of white stones and shells; another, a girl, holds a a box of whiting, and a large tin of soot in her arms. Baskets of pink shells, red shells, blue shells are used, with round stones and flat stones, and flags of all nations to adorn the battlements of model castles.

Little girls carry bunches of flowers and leaves wherewith to construct miniature gardens surrounding palaces of sand. China ornaments and figures, vases, and even pieces of broken ware are amongst the paraphernalia which, in deft fingers, will, at the signal, produce very startling effects.

Suddenly a yell of bitter despair is heard. A terrible thing has happened. Master Bobby Jones, who has come down to the beach with the full determination of carrying off the first prize, has discovered that he has brought everything he wanted except—his filled-up entry form!

And there is no time to go home for it!

Bobby wails with an intensity of bitterness known only to unhappy children. A crowd gathers around him. Kind friends assure him that he may win next year. But Bobby refuses to be consoled until a kind-hearted steward produces another blank form, which the delighted boy fills up, his hand shaking with excitement and unsuppressed joy.

The sands, as the moment for the signal approaches, are crowded, The whole town has turned out to witness the competition. The spaces, consisting of squares of smooth velvety sand, have been marked out and

By permission of *Bovril Ltd.*

A 1st prize winner. The prizes are usually distributed by the mayor, or some other prominent citizen

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numbered. Each boy and girl has been given a ticket in exchange for the entry form. On the ticket is a number, corresponding with that of one of the spaces.

With eager faces the competitors have taken their places in their proper squares of sand, awaiting the signal of the steward to begin their hour's work.

The mayor, or some other leading townsman, has arrived, to add dignity to the occasion. The judges are thirsting for the moment to come when they shall begin their tour of inspection.

A wave of a flag, and lo, the waiting children start plying their implements on the soft face of the sand. All is animation. Bijou castles and palaces begin to arise before the steady attack of the juvenile builders. Mystic caves and lovely grottoes form gradually before the eyes of the admiring spectators.

Fond parents look on at the expanding handiwork of their babes. But no advice is allowed; that would disqualify the competitor on the spot, for the stern stewards are prowling about looking for chances to distinguish themselves.

The love of children for domestic pets and animals generally is shown in many of the "pictures." Outlined in white shells or stones, with coats of seaweed, the figures of cats, dogs, birds, and fish spring into existence.

Hundreds of spectators promenade the sands, along the margins of the huge rectangular inclosure, passing comments of a nature encouraging—and otherwise, such as:

"Isn't it clever!"
"What a splendid castle!"
"It's a horse—oh, no, a cat."
"Really astonishing!"
"Look at that lighthouse; quite a picture!"
"What *is* it, I wonder?"
"Pretty yacht that——"
"It is a man-of-war——"
"Oh, yes, of *course* it is."

And now a spectator may observe how the "effects" of each design stand out in the cases where the youngsters have requisitioned various household and other articles to aid them in their efforts towards perfection. For instance, one little girl, who has "commandeered" a jam-pot and a preserved meat tin, is enabled to produce most lovely and quite imposing results in the shape of bridge piers and castle battlements.

Such effects cannot, of course, be produced by those lesser lights of artistic juvenility who came to compete on the beach armed only with a pointed stick or a wooden spade. Again, splendid things are accomplished by means of a garden trowel, and even with the aid of a superannuated coal-shovel!

Some of the designs formed in these competitions are really clever, and often original and attractive. Messrs Bovril, the well-known meat extract manufacturers, actually made use of a sand competition subject, reproducing it as a poster

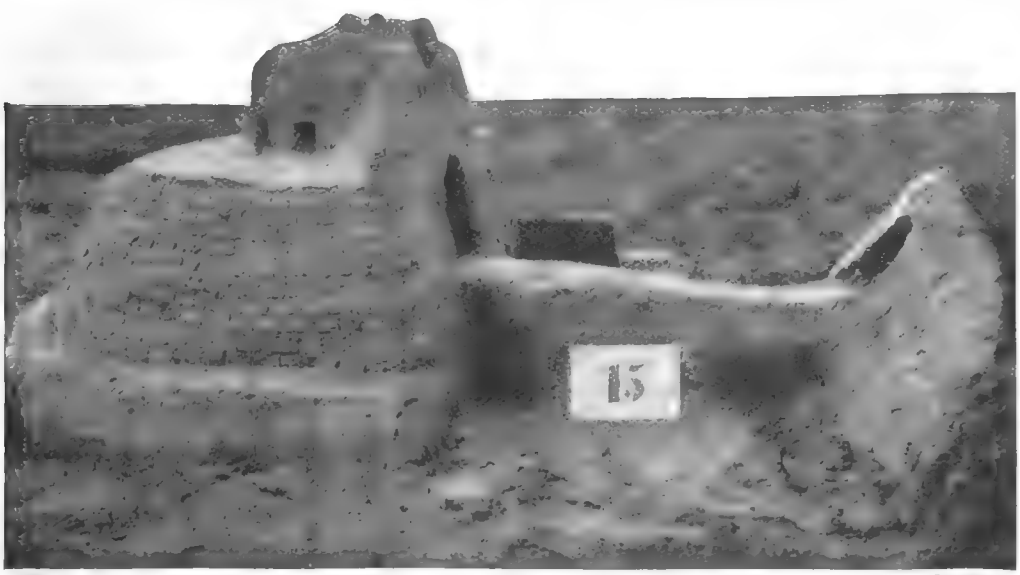

Photo *Cumming.*

An effort of a mediæval description. This type is a great favourite among competitors.

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which has proved one of the biggest hits in the advertising world!

Away at the further end of the line of waiting spaces, around a heavily laden table, stands a group of men whose faces portray that something very important is about to happen. That group is composed of the organisers and committee of the competition and of the judges who will presently be called upon to give decisions which, doubtless, will cause some hearts to beat with joy, and many to palpitate with the pains of crushed ambition! The chairman or president of the committee is the mayor of the town.

The table around which the arbiters are grouped is almost groaning under the weight of trophies to be won, prizes calculated to arouse the keenest competition. Dressing bags, writing cases, volumes of books in brilliant binding, watches and jewellery, pencils in silver cylinders, and, in fact, all that is attractive to the eyes of yearning youth are there.

Whilst the competition progresses, many an anxious juvenile eye is turned skywards for signs of bad weather. Why? Ah, is it not on record that once, towards the close of a contest held at Shanklin, a tempest suddenly arose, and a deluge of rain destroyed, in a few seconds, the entire work of over sixty competitors, rendering it impossible for the prizes to be awarded!

And whilst the critics pass around, and as some of the competitors are still only halfway through their work, the whistle blows. Willy-nilly, everyone has to suspend work.

Then the judges' services are required.

Many an anxious little heart almost stands still as the official critics examine the designs. The judges' faces are closely watched for signs of approval or otherwise. But these men are just, and award merit indiscriminately. They eventually draw apart and compare notes.

The die is cast.

Then all assemble round the judges' table, where the mayor, or some other great personage, is beaming over the collection of magnificent prizes.

The names of the winners are called out, and as each blushing boy or girl advances to receive the prize, there is immense cheering. And so that there may be no heart-burning amongst the youngsters, every one of them receives a consolation prize, which helps them to cheer heartily for the promoters.

There is no doubt that these competitions do a great amount of good among the children. They develop the artistic ideas and originality of youth, helping them in concentration of thought, and spurring them in the desire to surpass in small things as in great. Healthy rivalry among children is an excellent thing, as it gives rise to those qualities of unselfishness and impartiality which count for so much in after life.

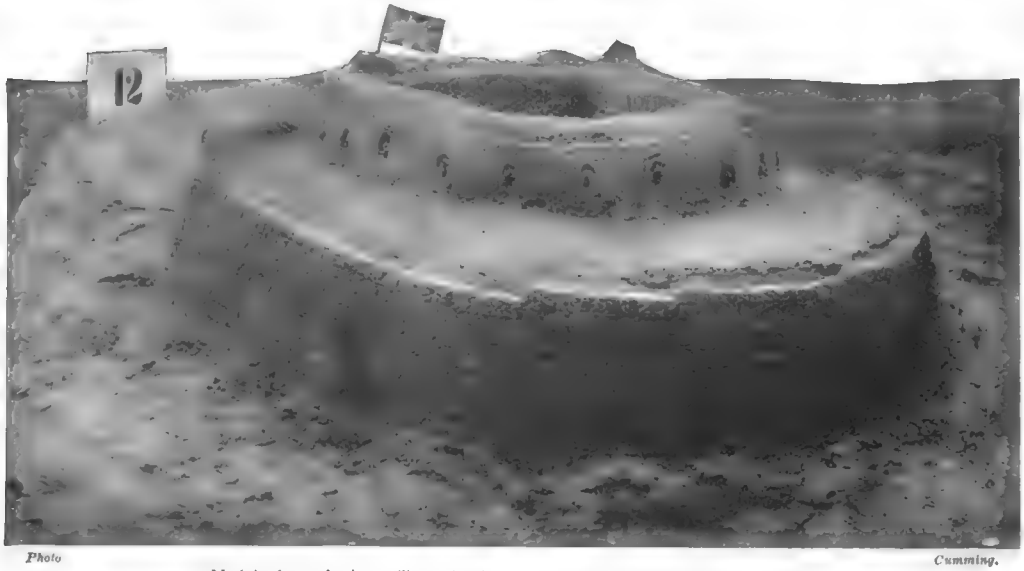

Photo *Cumming.*

Model of a redoubt. The only thing that seems lacking is an entrance!

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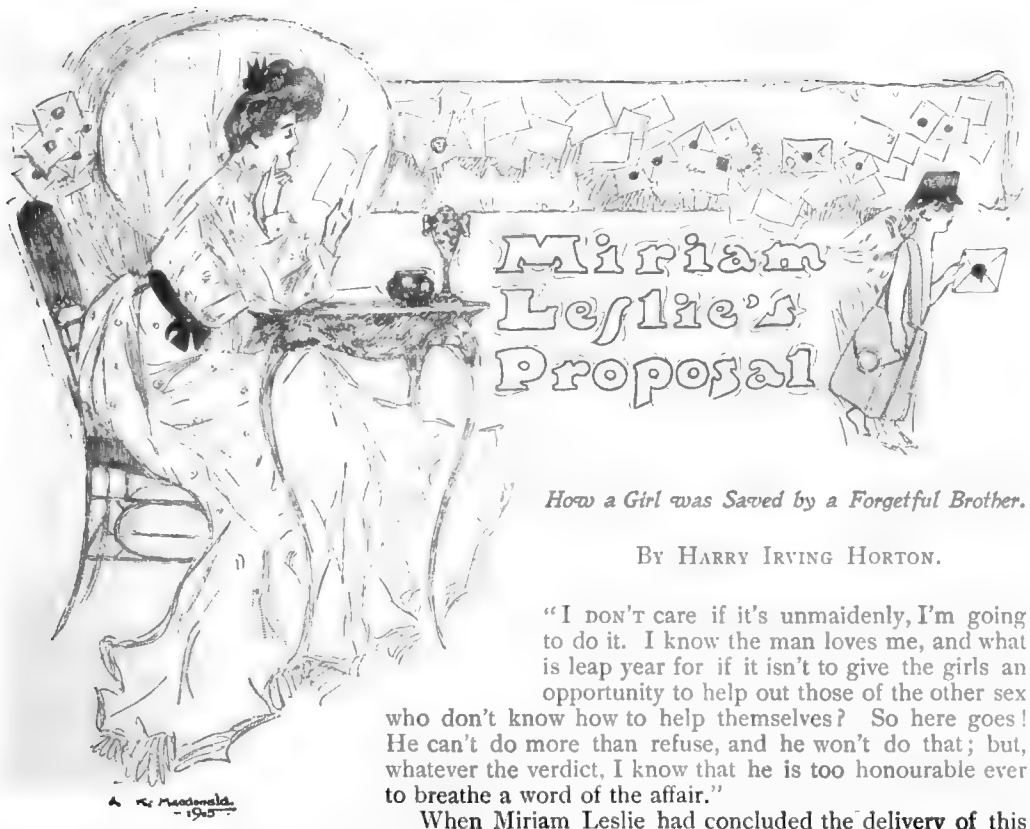

How a Girl was Saved by a Forgetful Brother.

By Harry Irving Horton.

"I don't care if it's unmaidenly, I'm going to do it. I know the man loves me, and what is leap year for if it isn't to give the girls an opportunity to help out those of the other sex who don't know how to help themselves? So here goes! He can't do more than refuse, and he won't do that; but, whatever the verdict, I know that he is too honourable ever to breathe a word of the affair."

When Miriam Leslie had concluded the delivery of this speech, which had only Miriam Leslie for an attentive audience, she sat down at her desk at once and began to write the letter which she had planned the night before, after Frank Webster had left the house. She had parted from him with a smile on her lips, but the smile had lasted only long enough for the door to close upon him, and as Miriam had entered her room she looked far from happy.

She had enjoyed Frank's call; but it had ended as unsatisfactorily as had all the others, in that words which she believed had been almost upon his lips many times had again remained unspoken. If the man she loved wouldn't take a hint, he must be given something broader than a hint; and when Miriam went to sleep, it was with the determination to write a letter on the morrow that even a stupid man might understand.

Strangely enough, as she admitted to herself, the morning found her mind unchanged, with determination fixed to take advantage of her leap-year prerogatives.

The writer of the letter had gone over in her mind its prospective contents a number of times, and, as a result, her editorial revision had "boiled it down" until it was brief and to the point. It ran as follows:

Dear Frank,

You have been coming to see me for several years, and the happy evenings we have enjoyed have made me think how pleasant it would be if we could go on spending them together the rest of our lives. Has the idea ever occurred to you?

Miriam.

The girl heard her brother pass her door, preparatory to starting for business, and she no longer waited for the ink to dry, but grabbed a piece of blotting-paper, and the letter was soon in his hands. He was told that it was important, and that it must be posted by him when on the way to his office.

Her brother's departure was timely, as Miriam had begun to weaken in her determination, and as she gave him the letter she said to herself: "Now I haven't a chance to change my mind."

She did, however, have many changes of mind through the day, which seemed to her

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one of unusual length. Soon after her brother had left she was tempted to telephone to him to try to get the letter back from the post-office, but she didn't know if that would be possible, and besides the request would cause him to ask a good many questions which it would be awkward for her to answer, and so the request was not made.

By the afternoon post Miriam received a letter addressed in the well-known hand-writing of the young man to whom she had proposed. "Is it possible that he has answered so quickly?" she asked herself as she held the envelope in her hand, fearing to open it.

She had had a little experience as a writer, and knew that quick returns usually meant no sales, and her first thought was that Frank had declined the honour of being her husband. That was a mortifying thought in itself, and the continuation of the train of thought suggested by the comparison of her offer with the manuscript was not a comforting one.

She had offered herself, even as she had been wont to submit a story or poem to an editor. The only consolation she could get out of the comparison was found in the thought that she wasn't exactly placing herself on the market, as if one editor, Frank Webster by name, declined, she wouldn't offer herself to another.

When Miriam thought to look at the postmark she was convinced that the letter had been posted before Frank could have received her letter. With trembling fingers this maid, who had had so much courage a few hours before, opened the envelope, and read as follows:

MY DEAR MIRIAM,

I see you so often that it seems cowardly to write what I might speak; but, although many times when in your presence I have tried to say certain words, courage has always failed me. Resolutions made when alone have not been kept when I found myself by your side.

I think you know what has been in my heart for a long time, and I have occasionally felt that you cared for me; but if you have, you have never made the least attempt to help me out. I should have forgiven you if you had made it easier for me, and should have blessed you for having done so, and yet, after all, dear, I love you all the more for your womanly reserve, and have always contrasted it with the actions of some of your sex, who seem ever ready to say: "This is so sudden!" I hope, dear, that you do care enough for me, or feel that you can care enough some day to make me the happiest man on earth. I know they all say that; but forgive my lack of originality, and remember that there is something original about my statement, as I really mean on the day you say you will be my wife I shall be happier than anybody in this or any other neighbourhood.

Don't answer this letter in a hurry, unless you can at once reply to my question: "Will you be my wife?" by saying "Yes." If you can send that answer I shall have no cause to complain of your haste. But I feel that I must have the right answer to my question, and if you cannot give it at once, I want you to take all the time that you need in order that you may arrive at the favourable verdict so necessary to my happiness.

It is hardly necessary to say that I shall not call again before receiving your reply; but when you say the word "Come!" it will not take any great length of time for me to accept the welcome invitation. I hope that you will be able to say that word.

Yours with love,

FRANK.

Miriam's mingled feelings of misery and joy when she read the letter may be imagined. "Why did I write that miserable letter? Why didn't I give him one more day after all these years? Oh, why wasn't I too ill to get up this morning?" were some of the questions that the poor girl asked herself, when the feelings of misery were in control, as they were during nearly all the rest of the afternoon, the happiness which she had felt for a short time giving way under the influence of the thought that she might have been happy without the loss of her self-respect.

"But perhaps there is yet a chance to save it," thought Miriam, as once more came to her mind that friend of mankind and womankind, the much-abused and misunderstood telephone. She would try to get Frank at his office, and if by any chance he had not received the letter, or had not read it if he had received it, she would make him promise to return it without reading. But she realised that the hope was a faint one, as there was almost no chance that the letter had not been received; and if he had received it—well, she would like to see him leave a letter of hers unopened for more than a minute!

And so this contradictory woman went to the telephone with a weak voice and a faint heart, hoping against hope that Frank had been away from the office, and that the letter had arrived in his absence. The reply to her inquiry for Mr. Webster gave her momentary comfort, as she was told that he was out; but when she asked further questions she learned that he had been at the office until a few minutes before the time of her telephone call. As she hung up the receiver, Miriam said to herself, with a sad smile, that she wished she could hang herself as easily.

The next half-hour was one of the most miserable that the girl had ever spent. She

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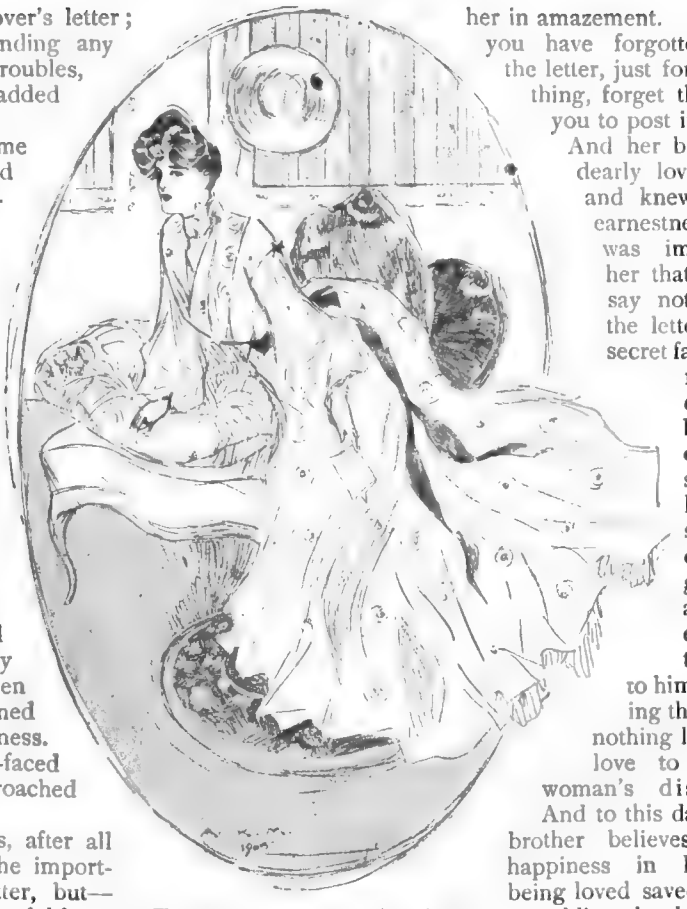
again read her lover's letter; but instead of finding any comfort for her troubles, the reading only added to her misery.

"He thought me so modest and womanly, and contrasted my conduct with that of others who were not so modest! But what does he think now that he has read my letter? Modest girls don't propose to men, even if the men haven't nerve enough to propose themselves."

* *

Miriam was still in a most unhappy frame of mind when her brother returned at night from business. He had a shame-faced look as he approached her.

"I'm sorry, sis, after all you said about the importance of that letter, but—well, I've had an awful busy day of it, and I forgot to post it. Here it is."



The next half-hour was one of the most miserable that the girl had ever spent.

Her arms were around his neck in an instant.

"You dear, darling, forgetful, absent-minded brother!" she cried, as he looked at her in amazement. "Now that you have forgotten to post the letter, just forget another thing, forget that I asked you to post it!"

And her brother, who dearly loved Miriam, and knew from her earnestness that it was important to her that he should say nothing about the letter, kept her secret faithfully. He marvelled as days went by at the continued sweetness to him, until she told him of her engagement, and then he explained the problem to himself by saying that there was nothing like requited love to change a woman's disposition. And to this day Miriam's brother believes that her happiness in loving and being loved saved him from a scolding the day he forgot to post her letter.

Miriam has been married for ten years, and in all that time has kept only one thing from her husband, that is, the dark secret of the letter that her brother forgot to post.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

GREEN PEAS.

In a white muslin dress, with a bowl on her knees
(All in the shade of the sycamore trees),
With a rose at her breast,
And the wind in the West,
Phyllis sat, silently, shelling green peas.

Screened by the branches and fanned by the breeze
(Pleasant the shade of the sycamore trees!),
Each pea, with a hop,
Seemed to say, "You may pop
That question of questions as soon as you please."

With no one to see but the birds and the bee
(Deep is the shade of the sycamore trees),
Upsetting the whole
Of the peas in the bowl
(Which rolled hither and thither), I fell on my knees.

When the wedding bells ring—so my lady decrees
(Bless'd be the shade of the sycamore trees),
Six bridesmaids, in green
(You can picture the scene),
Will scatter—not rice, or confetti, but—peas!

A. L. Harris.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

Can you read a cryptogram? "Mr. X" received the following from one of his readers in acknowledgment of a pack of "Royal" Playing Cards:—

"Dear 'Mr. X'—

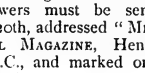
Iftn	*aoeg*	*mrry*	*steo*	*ihvu*	*meea*	*pm.rg*	*IIyr*	*ytma*	*dhon*	*eind*	*Ints*
ikh.u	*gyWm*	*hohm*	*tuye*	*erdr*	*dpoh*	*wa'no*	*igtl.*	*teyi*	*hsod*	*taua*	*hrgy,*
eeiy	*cgvo*	*aeeu*	*rtur*	*dtss*	*s.ima*	*Tnol*	*hgrw*	*abea*	*neoy*	*ktfs*	*ytt--*
ozhr—.	*urea*	*samdn*	*onW*	*mdi*	*ubs*	*ceh*	*hti"*	(See next page for solution.)			

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

APT ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID.

EVERY month immediately beneath "Mr. X's" picture appears a short paragraph. This month, as you see, it relates to a cryptogram. Once or twice this "sub-heading" has been "Two couples of capital columns of curious catches and cryptogrammaic conundrums collected by this canny contributor." Well, "Mr. X" desires his readers to send him some "sub-headings" made up on a similar principle. They must say something about the nature of "Mr. X's" pages and they must be alliterative—as many words as possible beginning with the same letter. The letter "X" is not to be used as the alliterative initial.

"Mr. X" will give a prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what is in his opinion the best "sub-heading" constructed on these lines. Answers must be sent in before September 20th, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "Alliteration."



A LITTLE PROBLEM.

"Mr. X" has a clock which takes six seconds to strike six o'clock. How long does it take to strike twelve o'clock?

If you say, as you probably will, twelve seconds, you will be quite, quite wrong. The actual time taken is 13½ seconds.

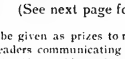
In striking six there are five equal periods of time between the strokes. This gives 1½ seconds for each period. In striking twelve there are eleven such periods, and $11 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = 13\frac{1}{2}$.

CONFUSING.

A.: "Why is an unfastened gate like a moth fluttering round a candle?"

B.: "Because if it keeps on its hinges it swings."

(Say it carefully; think over it, and write to "Mr. X" if you don't grasp it.)



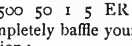
A SIMPLE PRESCRIPTION.

The following prescription, taken regularly with a spoon, will help you to put on flesh:

"100 0 500 50 1 5 ER 0 1 50."

Should it completely baffle your chemist, give him the solution:

"C O D L I V ER O I L."



NO ESCAPE.

PILKINGTON MINOR: "Excuse me, Bilks, but are you the head or the tail of a donkey?"

BILKINGTON MINOR: "I'm neither, you owl."

PILKINGTON MINOR: "Well, then, it's obvious that you're no end of a donkey, isn't it, Bilky?"

A NATURE LESSON.

SAM: "You see that bird sitting just above an apple on that tree? Well, would you like to know how to pick the apple without disturbing the bird?"

ALGERNON: "Yes, I would."

SAM: "Rest quietly here in the shade until the bird flies away."

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A Matter of Arrangement.

Can you so arrange the figures 1 to 9 inclusive that, by adding them together, they will amount to 100?

15
36
47
—
98
2
—
100

The Half-minute Pain-cure.

GAY: "Head very bad, old man?"

DULLE: "Awful."

GAY: "I can tell you how to get rid of the pain in half-a-minute."

DULLE: "Oh, please do."

GAY: "Shove your head through that window, and the pane will go at once."

Q. Why is a Pigmy from Central Africa like a white man?

A. Because he's not a tall black.

The Match Game.

This is one of those comfortable games which you must win if you know the trick; and the whole trick is that you must play first.

There are two players, twenty matches are set down, the game is for each in turn to take one, two, or three matches, and the winner is he who leaves exactly one match for his opponent to take.

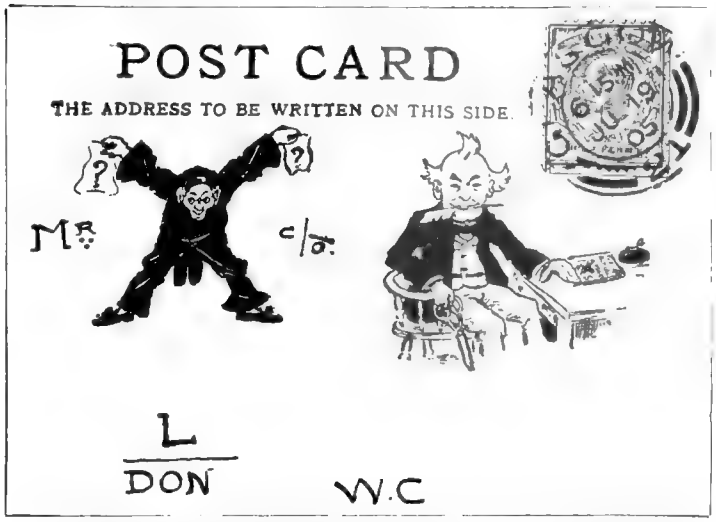
This is the way to do it. Play first and leave your opponent 17 matches, next time leave him 13, then 9, then 5. Whether he now takes one, two, or three, you are able to leave him one and so win.

False! False!

ANDREW: "What kind of voice would you expect in a man with artificial teeth?"

PETER: "Er—golden?"

ANDREW: "No. Falsetto." (False set o!)



How universally known (and loved) are "Mr. X" and his friend the Editor is well shown by the safe arrival at this office of the above cleverly-addressed postcard from one of "Mr. X's" Glasgow readers.

More Catches.

SHARPE: "I say, have you heard the story of the London traffic?"

KEENE: "No."

SHARPE: "Oh, you must have heard it."

KEENE: "Not bad. Have you heard the story of the garden wall?"

SHARPE: "No."

KEENE: "Ah, well, I'd better not tell you as you might never get over it."

A Contradictory Word.

United, because when its two middle letters are transposed it becomes **Untied.**

RESULTS.

THE ANAGRAM COMPETITION.

The prize of five shillings offered in this competition in the June ROYAL has been awarded to Mr. M. K. Barnett, "Lyndhurst," Windsor Street, Salisbury. Puzzle penknives, purses, or ROYAL packs of playing cards go to Mr. S. L. Ravenscroft, Knowle, Lustleigh, Devon; Miss Lillian Spanton, Parkfields, Tettenhor, Staffs, and Miss M. L. Cowan, Dalhousie Castle, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian.

Many of the anagrams sent in were amazingly appropriate to the words from which they were constructed. "Mr. X" gives a selection:—

Roast beef—best o' fare.
Machine—I can hem.
Ministers—remits sins.
Tournament—to run at men.
Automobile—oil about me.
Cinematograph—a graphic to men.
Chaperones—no capers, eh?
Stupefaction—in fact upset.
Marriage—a grim era. [Do you call this amazingly appropriate?—ED.]
Cleopatra's Needle, London—an old lone stone replaced.
The Army and Navy League—Lay a hand, mate, every gun.

SOLUTION TO CRYPTOGRAM.—Take the first letter of every word in order from left to right, then the second letter, and so on.

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The Book and The Joke

The Story of What Happened Through a Fairy Book

By Ethel Maude Colson.

The knowledge that changed Emily Wheaton's life came upon her with a shock. She long had vaguely suspected that in some way she was different from the other children. "What a quaint child!" people nearly always said when she was first presented to them. But it remained for the new neighbour, kindly, good-hearted, impulsive Mrs. Bendow, to tear aside the sheltering curtain.

"What a pity she isn't as pretty as the others!" Emily heard her say, and never again was she care-free and light-hearted. Even the simultaneously acquired knowledge that Uncle Jim called her his special favourite did not bring complete comfort.

After that, her one secret, absorbing desire was to become beautiful as she grew up. Uncle Jim, hero and prince of even her best fairy stories, never could have suspected this passionate pining, or "The Book" never would have reached her hands.

Uncle Jim was tall and handsome and merry. Gay times and holidays followed his visits, as flowers follow sunshine. The children welcomed the appearance of mother's younger brother as they welcomed Christmas Day and birthdays.

Uncle Jim travelled a great deal, and lived between times in town, making lots of money, and going about with beautiful young ladies, about whom his young nieces drew a sweet halo of romance. Of late there had been only one young lady, Miss Helen. Miss Helen had been to tea with mother several times lately, and "The Book" took on added value and charm because Uncle Jim confided to Emily that Miss Helen had picked it out.

"The Book" was charming. And, oh, wonder of wonders! one of the stories was about a little girl—a plain little girl, with freckles—who became wondrously lovely by the simple expedient of never looking in a mirror for seven months. Emily's freckles were the trials of her life.

Uncle Jim found himself dragged that evening into a quiet corner of the garden, and asked the burning question:

"Oh, Uncle Jim, tell me honestly! Do you think it's true?"

He should have known better, but he still was too young and gay to have outgrown the boyish spirit of mischief. He looked from the story to the child, and then laughed inwardly. To-morrow morning would be time enough to tell her. Just now—it was too rich a joke to lose.

Uncle Jim leant towards the little girl and spoke in a confidential whisper:

"Well, you know Miss Helen, don't you? She told me once that she read that story and loved it, when she was as small as you are, and—well, you know how lovely she is now."

It was enough. Emily was no longer a plain child as she listened. Her eyes were like stars, and her lips and cheeks like roses.

"Don't tell!" she implored him ("The Book" had enjoined strict silence on all who

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would profit by the plain little girl's example). "Don't breathe a whisper!" and went dancing away.

A telegram called Uncle Jim back to the City in a great hurry on the morrow, and the house was all confusion. When peace had been restored, Mrs. Wheaton found Emily shyly waiting to ask a favour.

"Please, mother, would you mind if I—if I didn't look in a mirror for seven months?"

Mrs. Wheaton, not having heard of "The Book"—which said you mustn't tell your reason for abjuring mirrors—naturally was puzzled. But she made it a rule always to trust her children, particularly, perhaps, this dear little sensitive first-born; never to force their confidence. So, when Emily had yet more shyly explained that there was a reason, a nice, surprise reason, why she didn't want to tell all about it, mother quietly gave her consent.

"Of course, you must be neat and tidy always," was the sole stipulation she made.

It was a wonderful seven months, and a trying October 25th marked the beginning of the period. Never, surely, had so many pretty things to wear fallen to the lot of Emily Wheaton. It was so hard to resist looking in the mirror.

But the strong will, so long latent and unsuspected in quiet Emily, bore all tests without flinching, although as much could not be said of Nurse Martha, thoroughly impatient, during the whole time, of this "new, nonsensical fad" of her oldest charge, who, she felt, really should be off her hands by this time. It was a little tedious to inspect Emily's toilette five or six times a day.

May 24th dawned at last, however, and Emily was in a fever of impatience. Poetic luck had brought Uncle Jim down for one of his visits, and to-morrow, May 25th, the day when she was to blossom out a great beauty, Miss Helen was coming to stay a week. It seemed to the eager, romantic little dreamer that human heart and happiness could ask no more.

She was so still and quiet that evening that Uncle Jim asked if she were ill. And at bedtime, mother, dressing for a party, was again shyly interviewed by the eager, sensitive creature who spoke with her eyes.

Might she, for a special reason, a very special reason, wear her best, new white dress to-morrow? And might she—this shyly—be a little late for breakfast, just late enough to let them all get seated. There was a—a surprise connected with this request.

"You couldn't tell mother all about it now, dear, and let me share the surprise with you?"

"It—it—I wanted to surprise you too."

"Very well, dear," answered Mrs. Wheaton, sending the child off with a hug and a smile. "I'll trust you. Not the

Uncle Jim found himself dragged that evening into a quiet corner of the garden.

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best dress, because that's too elaborate for breakfast, but the other new white one that's just as pretty. And you may be just ten minutes late."

The ten minutes' grace was to serve a double purpose. Emily shared her room with Marcella, a practical child of ten, entirely out of the question as a confidante, even after the completion of the metamorphosis. She would be sure to ask questions concerning the new frock.

Besides, it was evident that the transformation was to come about suddenly, since no one yet had remarked upon her altered appearance, and she wanted to make an effective entrance. She could fancy the surprised looks and ejaculations and the astonished delight of her mother.

. . . In a dark corner the mother-comforter found a weeping, hysterical, almost unbalanced child.

All night the eager child dreamt of the morning. At dawn she rose, bathed, and fully dressed herself, all except the new white dress. Then she crept back under the bedclothes, feeling that Marcella would never, never get up and go down into the garden, which was her wont upon ordinary mornings. And, verily, it did seem that everything hindered Marcella that day!

But at last, just as the breakfast-bell was ringing, she dashed off downstairs in a hurry, believing that Emily, sweltering beneath the covers, had preceded her long since.

Then Emily leapt from her uncomfortable seclusion with wildly beating heart.

The new white frock was donned and fastened with fingers that were cold and trembled. Comb, brush, and hair-ribbons again were manipulated with frantic energy.

Then slowly she approached Marcella's mirror—her own had been turned face to the wall at the beginning of the trial—closed her eyes until she felt herself close up against the dressing-table, opened them, and looked in.

And then—poor, poor little dreamer—the bitter truth flashed full upon her, in one heart-breaking blow; there had been no marvellous change, no transformation. The same small, pale face, the same clustering red curls, the same grey eyes, the same tan freckles—she counted them automatically, nine on one cheekbone and eight on the other—the same wistful, half pathetic mouth, she always had known, looked back to confront her. She had not become in the least degree a great beauty. She was just the same!

No Emily appearing at the breakfast-table, Marcella was sent to call her. She returned, breathless, to report that Emily was nowhere about the house or garden.

Then Mrs. Wheaton, remembering the request of the previous evening, herself went in search of her daughter. By a trail of wide-open doors the mother-instinct was led to the empty morning-room, and there in a dark corner the mother-comforter found a weeping, hysterical, almost unbalanced child.

Mother-love and mother-petting drew forth the story, and word was sent downstairs that Emily had been taken suddenly ill, and that Mrs. Wheaton would stay with her for a while.

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And by and by, when floods of tears and the consequent exhaustion had combined to bring about the blessed forgetfulness of sleep, Mrs. Wheaton sent for and said a few quiet words to her brother.

And it was a truly penitent and sorrowing Uncle Jim who presently set off to meet Miss Helen.

"I fully intended telling her it was a joke the next morning," so ran the burden of his story; "but who would have thought that the child would believe such a tale for so long?"

"Emily has a very sensitive nature," was Miss Helen's sole comment. "We must see what can be done to help her."

But Miss Helen was wise with the wisdom of deep and true sympathy, and she came quietly into Emily's darkened room without asking, sat down by the bedside, and tenderly kissed the nervous hands that hid the troubled face.

"I'm so sorry, little girl," she murmured, though Emily made no stir or sign of having heard her, "I know just how you feel, for I had a similar experience when I was older than you are, although it didn't come about through a fairy story. And I'm so glad to be able to tell you that I believe you will be really beautful some day."

There was a moment of silence, then the nervous hands were clasping those of Miss Helen.

"Do you really, really think I'll ever be as beautiful as you are?"

Miss Helen, looking at the magnolia complexion, the splendid red curls, the wide, grey eyes, and the broad, white forehead, and thinking of her pink-and-blonde prettiness, almost sighed as she answered:

"I don't think," she said with convincing quietness, "I know. But you'll have to wait until you are older, dear," she continued, as Emily sank back upon the pillows, weak and trembling from another strong revulsion of feeling, "and perhaps it will be some years yet before you've quite outgrown your childish plainness. And in the meantime, little girl, remember that people don't really love each other because they're beautiful or unbeautiful in personal appearance. It's because of our dispositions and characters that we love each other, dearie. Now, just between you and me, just for a little secret we'll keep quite to ourselves, Uncle Jim and I love you better than all the others, although, perhaps, they're all prettier than you are at present. And just because I do love you best, and because you've proved that you can keep a secret, I'll tell you another one—a secret I don't expect to tell the others for a whole, long year: I'm going to marry Uncle Jim some day, dear, and be your auntie, instead of Miss Helen. And we'll always, always be the best of friends!"

It was balm to the wounded spirit to be talked to and treated in this manner; it was good to know that mother and Uncle Jim and Miss Helen had kept from the other children all knowledge of the real reason of her unexpected illness; there was comfort in Uncle Jim's affectionate explanation that he really hadn't meant to let the joke run on, and that he was inclined far more to respect her for her courage and persistence than to laugh because she had been foolish.

Best of all, they presently told her that when Miss Helen went back home next week she was to go too, and that Uncle Jim would take her to the circus and all the wonderful places that she had so often wished to see. Long before the cool dusk had brought ease and rest to the fevered headache induced by the tears of the morning, sweet-natured Emily could almost smile at her own earlier passionate woe.

But though everything came true, with the added delight and glory of being bridesmaid to Miss Helen a year later, and though she presently came to love Uncle Jim so that he was more than ever a hero and prince, the memory of that awful shock and disappointment was slow in passing, and it was years before she could bring herself to look at or open "The Book" again.

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS ALL STORIES.

Some of its best features are:

STORIES IN VERSE - - - -

CUPID IN FICTION (Love scenes from famous novels.)

A LONG COMPLETE STORY.

MY BEST STORY (stories which well-known writers consider their best).

MASTERPIECES OF FOREIGN FICTION - (Stories translated from other languages).

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS ALL STORIES.

FOURPENCE MONTHLY.

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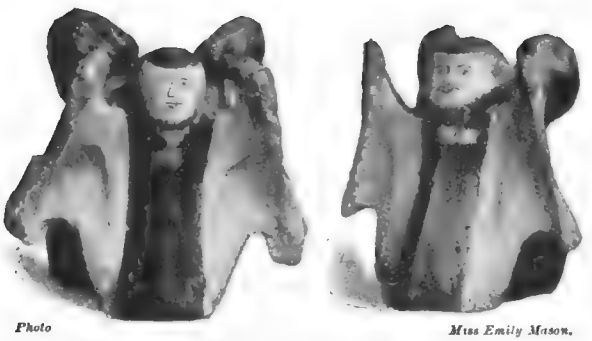


Photo *Miss Emily Mason.*

Two queer figures made from the neck-bones of a horse.

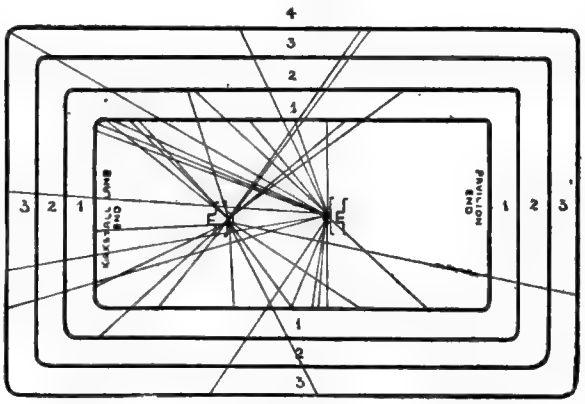
PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Readers at Home and Abroad are Invited to Contribute to these Pages. All Pictures Used are Paid for.

GRAPHIC CRICKET SCORING.

TWENTIETH CENTURY journalism is at least as go-ahead as any other modern enterprise.

Great strides have been made of late years in the reporting of cricket, football matches, and the like. At the present time "evening" papers give the morning's scores in the afternoon. But the greatest advance in cricket reporting recently achieved has been made by the *Daily Express*. This journal gives, in addition to its account of the game, diagrams of the chief scores made. The illustrations on this page show the hits made by the Hon. F. S. Jackson in his great innings of 144, compiled in the third Test Match.



By permission of *the "Daily Express."*

First 69 runs of the Hon F. S. Jackson's score of 144 in the third Test Match.

Every stroke and its value are clearly shown, and it is quite possible to count the score from these diagrams.

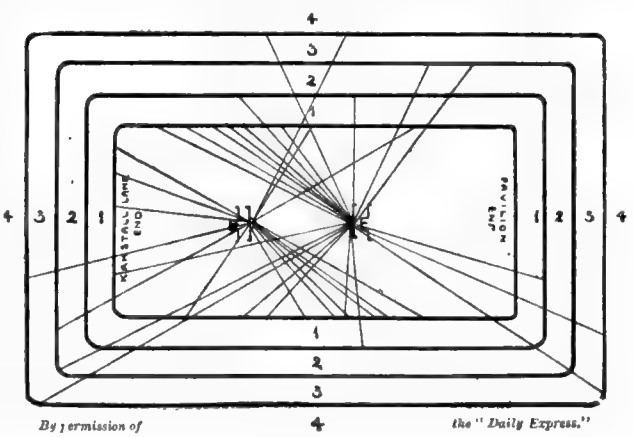
They are obtained as follows: The reporter on the ground has a blank diagram, and as each hit is made he marks it as exactly as possible on his ruled paper. This, at the close of play, is taken to the newspaper office and reproduced in the next day's issue.

The diagrams are telegraphed from distant matches. Much ingenuity has produced a private cipher, by means of which they may be transmitted over the wires.

CURIOUS BONES.

A POST-MORTEM on a defunct horse does not usually lead to the discovery inside the departed quadruped of two Church of England ecclesiastics in cassock and surplice. Yet such was the case on the occasion when the above photograph was taken.

The illustration depicts two little men dressed in the clerical garb of the present day. These interesting figures are simply composed of two bones taken from the neck of a horse, and are in their natural state. A little paint is all that was required to transform these melancholy relics into two curates.



By permission of *the "Daily Express."*

The last 75 runs of the same score.

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Photo *Will Sollig.*

The "rising generation" indulging in a game.

A CHESS VILLAGE.

The Place where Chess is Taught at School.

In a plain of the Harz Mountains, a few miles distant from the quaint old town of Halbertstadt, lies the village of Stroebeck. The history of Stroebeck and its people has for hundreds of years been associated with the game of chess. It is a veritable chess village—the nursery garden of that ancient game. As young plants are nurtured by the gardener, so is chess nurtured and cultivated by each fresh generation of Stroebeckers. The village has twelve hundred inhabitants, and everyone has some knowledge of chess. Love of the game, and of its manifold charms and intricacies, is their universal heritage.

From earliest childhood the boys and girls are made familiar with board and men. At school, chess is treated as an obligatory subject, and is taught systematically among the ordinary lessons. As soon as the pupils have mastered the moves and rules of the game, they are encouraged to undertake the solution of chess problems, and to invent new problems for themselves, just as an English school boy has to make Latin verse as soon as he knows enough Latin words to make it with. At Easter there are annual chess examinations and tournaments among the school children, three awards of honour in the shape of chess-boards, bearing the inscription "The Reward of Industry," being given as prizes by the village community. These tournaments are attended by lovers of chess from far and near, and take place in the old "Chess Inn," probably the most ancient in the village. During the last half-century several chess congresses of wide interest have also been held at Stroebeck.

From the earliest times, it is said for a thousand years, the Stroebeckers have had the privilege of challenging to a game of chess any prince or nobleman or exalted personage who happens to pass through their village. In the year 1651, the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg was challenged in this way, and in memory of the event presented the villagers with a carved board and a set of silver chessmen, thus acknowledging their exceptional rights. This curious board is still preserved, though the men have, in course of time, disappeared.

How chess came to be installed as a presiding deity in Stroebeck has never been ascertained for certain. There is an ancient tower in the centre of the village which is called the "Chess Tower," and it is probable that here, if anywhere, is to be found the solution of the problem.

The legend most generally believed dates from the eleventh century:—A famous political prisoner was confined in the "Tower." Time hung heavily on his hands, and, being a great lover of chess, he begged for a set of chessmen. But there were none to be had. Then the prisoner very skilfully carved a set for himself, and taught the game to his warders. The peasants, who took it in turn to mount guard at the "Tower," grew quite enthusiastic over this new form of amusement, and before the prisoner was released there were already a large number of good chess-players in Stroebeck. Thus were sown the first seeds, which have ever since yielded such a fruitful harvest in the domain of chess.

Photo *Will Sollig.*

A contest between two of the "old school."

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Two curious wasps' nests—one in a cotton reel, the other in a tassel.

CURIOUS WASPS' NESTS.

THE freak of nature shown above consists of two nests of the solitary wasp (*Odynerus*), one built in a cotton-reel, and the other in a tassel. The little insects were not enticed in any way to build in these curious places, but took up their quarters in the reel and the tassel quite of their own accord. The solitary wasp, as its name implies, does not occupy a nest in large numbers, but each insect has its own "establishment." It usually builds in the stalk of a briar, or in little holes scooped out of the ground, making its cell divisions of mud, and feeding its larvæ on small insects. The parent wasps live on honey. This species has been known frequently to make its home in queer places, and nests have been discovered in keyholes.

A glance at the illustration shows that the wasp which built in the tassel chose the upper part for his home. No doubt it was the small cavity remaining after the tassel had been detached from the article it originally adorned that attracted the little insect, and caused him to rear his family in the upper portion of the tassel.

Any little cavity of this description attracts the solitary wasp. This accounts for its building the places mentioned above.

It is not given to every little wasp to be born in a tassel or a cotton reel.

A BALL THAT MOVES SPONTANEOUSLY.

IN the principal cemetery of Marion, Ohio, there is a monument which has attracted considerable attention for some time. It consists of a large stone ball, thirty-six inches in diameter, resting upon a heavy pedestal. This ball is slowly turning upon its base, and revolving about a horizontal axis in a direction from north to south, presumably by the action of the sun's rays.

The monument was erected a number of years ago, but it was not known that the ball was turning until the spring of 1904, when the cemetery *employés* noticed that it had apparently shifted a little. Since then it has been watched, and repeatedly measured, and the fact has been completely established that the stone moves continually.

The ball was never securely fastened to the base, but the unpolished spot seen in the illustration was set in a socket, and it was supposed that friction between the two rough surfaces would prevent displacement. As the ball weighs 4,200 pounds, and would require extensive machinery to move it, there is little chance of a hoax being perpetrated in connection with this interesting phenomenon.

By permission of *The Scientific American.*

A ball of stone that turns continually of its own accord.

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THE BOOKWORM.

THE curious little insect in the accompanying illustration is the bookworm (*Cheyletus eruditus*), magnified about ninety times.

Popular fancy depicts a bookworm as a voracious insect, which devours books without fear or favour. This is not really true. The insect's character has suffered a great deal, even at the hands of naturalists. In reality, the bookworm does good rather than evil, as it is an inveterate enemy of the highly destructive book-louse.

Probably the mistake arose from the fact that the term "bookworm" is applied somewhat indiscriminately to the *Cheyletus eruditus*, and an extremely mischievous insect, whose Latin name is *Lepisma saccharina*. The bookworm spends its life chasing the book-louse, and eating it when it catches it. As may be seen from the illustration, it has an oval body. The outside covering of the insect is soft, and it has a large mouth. Its legs are long, and end in a species of forked hooks. It is blind. The bookworm is found chiefly in old dusty volumes, from which it does its best to oust the greedy and destructive book-louse. It may also be discovered among old rags, or even in dust-heaps.

Taking everything into consideration, therefore, we, although preferring our treasured volumes to be insectless, should yet not be dismayed at the sight of a *Cheyletus* or two as we turn over the pages of a book. And in closing a Shakespeare, close it gently, lest the little insect should be crushed. At any rate, it is better than a book-louse, or a *Lepisma saccharena*.

Photo *Jacques Boyer.*

The bookworm, which eats the book-louse, which eats books.

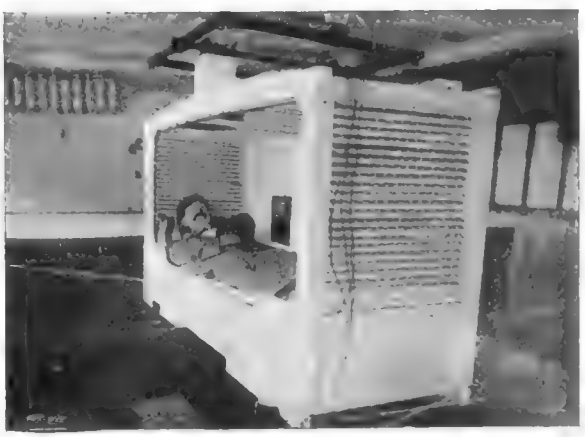
A CONTRIVANCE TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS.

MOST people have been sea-sick at some time of their lives. Few desire to repeat the experience. One of the many drawbacks of sea-sickness is that it evokes no sympathy whatever from non-sufferers. They see in the agonies of their unfortunate fellow-passengers a cause for unseemly levity, which they take no pains to conceal. Husbands, even, often chuckle at the spectacle afforded by the woman they have promised to love and cherish overcome by Neptune.

No wife would ever mock her sea-sick husband—but then it is always the wives who are sick.

However, a man has risen up in the land and brought comfort to all those who are affected by the rolling of a cross-channel steamer. He has invented a contrivance which, he claims, will absolutely prevent sea-sickness. The inventor is Mr. Walter Whitehouse, and it is a fitting thing that he should be an Englishman, for he, indeed, causes Britannia to rule the waves, or, at least, to be indifferent to them. The invention consists of a hanging bedstead, supported by steel springs, which make it independent of the movements of the vessel. No matter how stormy the sea, or how high the wind, the apparatus always hangs level. It is intended in the future, on many of the steamers running between Dover and Calais, to supply first-class passengers with these ingenious contrivances on payment of £4 over and above the usual fare.

It is to be hoped that the device will accomplish all that is promised for it.



A swing bunk which, it is claimed, absolutely prevents sea-sickness.

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A CRUISE ON A COMET.

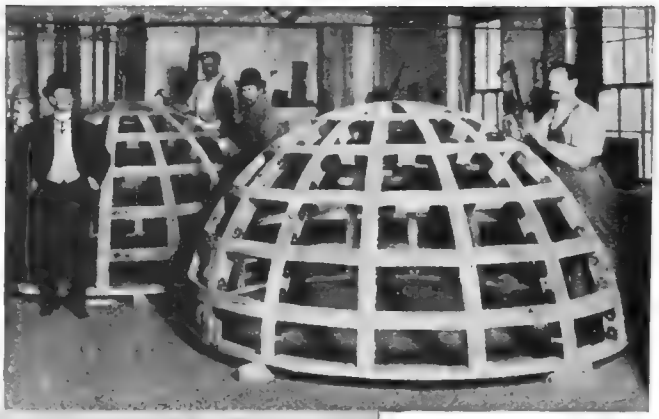
The New Attraction for Places of Amusement.

To be a passenger aboard a mechanical comet in its flight through space seems more thrillingly impossible than to receive a message from Mars—yet it may be done.

A combination of engineering science and brains has brought these comets into existence and bound them down to short but ethereal flights of swooping ascent and descent with human riders.

The structure of the comets consists of a circuitous course, or track, about twelve feet in width, and a thousand or more in length.

The track at its starting point is elevated fifty feet above the ground, and is varied by curves, grades of moderately steep descent, darkened sections, and other devices to make the ride more exciting. Among these is an electrical storm, through which the globes will pass,



Two halves of the comets, before they are joined together.

A party of passengers setting forth on their journey.

creating an illusion that they have left the track and are flying through space.

The comets are raised to the elevated starting point by means of cars running up an incline. The door in the side of the comet is opened at the station platform on a level with it. The passengers step in, and away flies the comet over the track, its brilliantly coloured ribs turning in bewildering gyrations, over, around, above, and below the passengers, who sit mystified—breathless at the exciting suggestion of danger, and yet as sure of their equilibrium and safety as if in their armchairs at home.

The sensation as the bowl containing the passengers slides a little and then settles into its perfectly level position, in sharp contrast to the whirling movement of the coloured ribs, is an indescribably exhilarating one.

The comets will not travel faster than fifteen miles an hour.

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The comet passing through an artificial electrical storm.

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Three old tram-cars joined together to form a cricket pavilion, dressing-room, and scoring-room.

A NOVEL USE FOR OLD TRAM-CARS.

THE members of the Burnley St. Andrew's Cricket Club have displayed some ingenuity in the choice of a pavilion. By purchasing three superannuated tram-cars from the Burnley Corporation, and joining them together in the manner shown above, they have obtained an excellent scoring-room and dressing-room.

The addition of a superstructure on the roof of the middle car adds to the symmetry of the "architecture," and gives a finishing touch.

But the Burnley sportsmen are not satisfied with having obtained their pavilion for a song. It "contrives a double debt to pay." A bowling-green extends to the rear of the cars, and thus they serve as a shelter for members of the bowling club. Could forethought and economy achieve more than this?

The go-ahead men of Burnley have set an example which other clubs would do well to follow. Cricket teams are never overburdened with this world's goods, and often make a hot, stuffy tent do duty for a pavilion through lack of means to pay for a proper building.

An old railway carriage makes an excellent cricket pavilion.

TEACHING PARROTS TO TALK BY MACHINE.

MRS. J. HOPE, of North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, U.S., is mistress of a unique parrot school.

She has evolved a brilliant scheme whereby Pretty Poll may acquire an education by machinery.

She charges a phonograph with the word or phrase she wants the parrot to learn, and then shuts him in a room alone with the machine. The bird listens to the oft-repeated sound, and tries to outdo the brazen-throated trumpet, so that with no expenditure of human strength, and in shorter time than personal attention would consume, he masters one lesson and is put upon another.

Mrs. Hope has one demure little ash-grey creature who is entirely machine-taught. He is very young, but has already outstripped much older birds in the extent of his vocabulary.

He is called Dewey, or, sometimes, the Admiral, and responds to either appellation.

Dewey is one of Mrs. Hope's first pupils. She conceived the idea of using the talking machine from noticing his actions one day when a phonograph was set going in his hearing.

Polly receiving her daily lessons.

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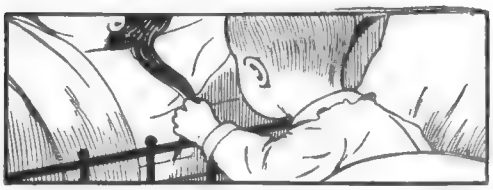
A Baby's Diary.

By Jessie Pope.

A True and Accurate Description of a Baby's Sensations and Experiences during a Day.

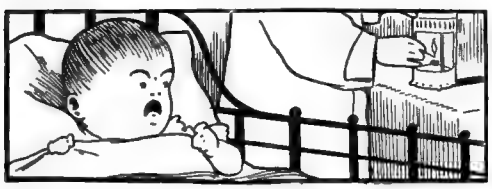
6.30.—Woke with a far-away feeling in my inside. Watched flies buzzing on ceiling, and tried to catch them with both hands and a foot. No sport.



6.50.—Discovered mummy's head on pillow next mine. Delighted to meet her again. Twined my fingers in her hair and pulled. She woke at once, seemed quite hurt, and disentangled fingers almost roughly.

6.55.—Revenged herself by lifting me in big bed and kissing me twenty-five times without stopping. Brought on far-away feeling.

6.58.—Shut eyes and yelled.



7.0.—Opened eyes—still yelling—and watched mummy amusing herself with a saucepan and spirit-lamp.

7.7—Bottle at last. Mummy got first drink as usual.

7.8.—Choked.

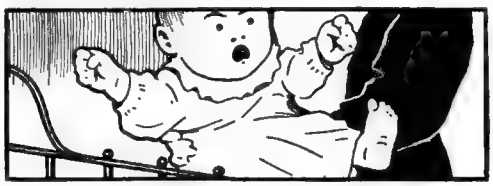
7.9.—Got the neck of bottle well in mouth and started again.

7.12.—Settled down steadily to work. Far-away feeling vanished—also contents of bottle.

7.20.—Decided to forgive mummy everything and try to think she means well—even allowed her to have one more snooze after I'd finished bottle.

7.30.—Played with toes and practised blowing out my lips and spluttering—my latest achievement.

7.50.—Somewhat interrupted by continuous roaring sound—proceeding from long lump the other side of me. On investigation, discovered it to be daddy; but he refused to be playful, and strenuously resisted my advances.



8.15.—Nurse appeared, captured me, and began the kissing business all over again. Hit her in the face several times without effect; tried kicking—finally accepted wool rattle with silver bells, and submitted to be wrapped in a shawl.

8.30.—Lay on back before nursery fire, while nurse ate her breakfast and read comic paper.

9.0.—Perceived shiny black object speeding across hearthrug—turned over on my front after some difficulty, and gave chase. Progress interrupted by bit of coal—delightfully cool to my gums, but too big to get in mouth all at once.

9.5.—Discovered black object disappearing under coal-scuttle. Caught it—more by luck than judgment—by back legs. Watched it kick, and chuckled loudly, before conveying it to my throbbing gums.

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9.7.—Unwelcome appearance of cook crying: "Lor', nurse, he's got a black-beetle halfway down his throat!" Stupid thing seized my pretty playfellow and crushed it with her great foot. Howled.

9.20.—Bad quarter of an hour while they searched my mouth for legs and things. Howled dismally for dead playmate, and accept a rather silly Japanese doll dangling from a string.

9.30.—Arrival of mummy with big apron on; joggled me up and down on her knee, and pretended to eat me.

9.35.—Roared with laughter, and encored the entire programme.

9.40.—She deceitfully untied all my strings instead, and popped me into a pan of water, which nurse had been craftily preparing behind my back.

9.41.—Howled.

9.47.—Yelled.

9.50.—Held my breath.

9.53.—Slipped from mummy's hand into the deep part, and drank quite a lot of soapy water.

9.57.—Choked—with great effect.

9.59.—Rescued, and safe on mummy's knees with a warm towel round me—sobbed at intervals, retrospectively.

10.35.—Toilette at last completed—reversed nine times on mummy's knee during process, and thirteen strings belonging to thirteen separate garments tied round my person. Clothes seemed to grow tighter every day; shrinkage in bibs a perfect scandal. Opened mouth to howl and received bottle quite unexpectedly. Concert postponed.

10.50.—Prospect rosy all round—watched nurse kneeling by my side tying my pale-blue tie-ups—listened indulgently as she remarked: "Goodle-y—goodle-y—goodle-y—goo——" Poor uncultivated thing, she can't help it.

1.20.—Room growing vague—mummy and nurse fade away—gradually loosened my grip on bottle——

11.50.—Oblivion.

1..20.—Woke in mailcart, found green branches passing along overhead. Attempts to struggle up frustrated by white cotton hand belonging to nurse, who re-starts the "goodle-y—goo" conversation till I was quite ashamed of her.

12.26.—Overtook another mailcart containing small, flabby specimen—my superior in teeth, but I had the advantage in lung power. We tried.

12.35.—Strange nurse, without any invitation on my part, proceeded to run her finger round my gums. Then observing I seemed a "*fretty* little thing," wheeled flabby specimen away.

12.40.—Became aware of dark blue uniform pacing alongside. I like policemen myself—nurse very offhand, refusing to fix up Thursday afternoon, saying that she'd more than one friend to consider. Policeman retired hurt, and nurse got very red and hot pushing mailcart uphill—had to sit down on seat halfway up. Never make any trouble of hills myself.

12.50.—Heard voice remark: "Hullo, baby—how's nurse?" *Red* uniform this time. Nurse, quite delighted, made room on the seat, and began to fix up Thursday afternoon at once.

12.55.—Felt bored, and sucked tie-ups. Finding myself unobserved, struggled up a bit, and craned over to look at wheels. Over-joyed to see them go round in response to my wriggles. Started down-hill by myself. Had a great time! Shouted with joy. Nurse looked up and shrieked, soldier shouted—and both rushed after me.

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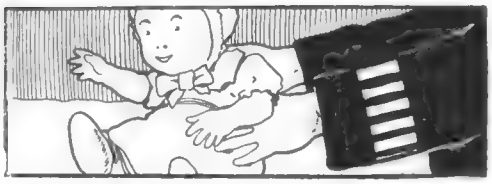
12.57.—Well ahead—swaying grandly. Nurse shrieking as she ran.

12.59.—Still gaining—lost india-rubber cow and rattle overboard.



1.0.—Hit curb—just parting company with mail-cart, when caught and held by policeman, who had just rushed up the hill to meet me.

1.5.—Terribly hugged by nurse, who also hugged policeman; sent off soldier; re-arranged Thursday afternoon, and wheeled me home, blowing her nose and wiping her eyes.

1.10.—Things a bit slow—slept.

2.50.—Woke—found myself still in mailcart in back garden—sucked strap.

2.55.—Felt bored—cried.

3.0.—Two flies settled on face—yelled.

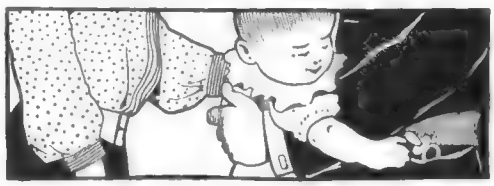
3.1.—Hurried appearance of nurse, with offer of bottle; terms accepted with more haste than elegance. Dill water less perceptible, but more cream wanted.

3.30.—Mummy's at-home afternoon—horrible fag—thrust into stiff clean frock, tight silk embroidered bib, and pink tie-ups. Prefer pink to blue — finer flavour.

4.20.—Made noteworthy appearance in drawing-room; submitted gravely to universal adoration, but insisted on retaining comforter in mouth. Don't care much for ladies, but like the wibbly things in their hats.

4.50.—Lay on fluffy hearthrug, and gave successful performance of leg and arm jerking. Audience much moved. Encouraged by applause, blew out my lips and spluttered in my best style. Immense sensation.

5.10.—Nursed by two elderly ladies in secluded corner. Under pretence of admiring my proportions, one furtively examined lace on my petticoat, announcing: "*Imitation!* poor thing—I always said it was a poor match for her!" Caught elderly lady by the bonnet ribbon and pulled. Gratified to see bonnet tilt back, also hair—considered honour of family avenged.



5.20.—Placed in the arms of the only man of the party by two pretty girls. Entered into the spirit of the thing at once. Called him "Dad! dad! dad!" slobbered down his fancy waistcoat, made myself as wobbly as possible, and dropped comforter unobserved in his coat-pocket.

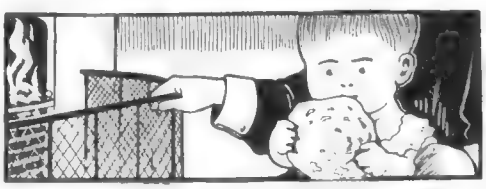
5.35.—Cried for comforter. Mummy kissed and rocked me without effect.

5.38.—Yelled for comforter; guests searched wildly behind chairs and tables.

5.43.—Held my breath; guests panic-stricken.

5.45.—Comforter dropped out of young man's pocket while looking under fender. Asserted innocence in vain, and retired in disorder.

6.10.—Sat on nurse's knee before nursery fire—garments once more removed, with soap and water accompaniment.



6.30.—Sucked sponge furtively, and felt compensated for many trials.

6.45.—Bottle again; rather tasteless after the soap, but nice drop of sugar at bottom.

7.5.—Tucked up in crib, quite happy, but something wrong with eyelids—would keep shutting down. Became aware of mummy and daddy bending over me. Mummy saying: "Shall I take him up?" and daddy replying quickly: "No, no, leave him where he is!"

7.7.—Frantic struggle with eyelids. Mummy's voice sounded far off as I heard her say: "Do you think that toosipeg will be through to-morrow, daddy?" and he replied: "I don't know, darling. Sufficient for the day."

7.10.— Just what I thought, as I closed my eyes for the last time.

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[Photo] [L. Frazier.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

VIII.—SEBASTOPOL.

THE STORMING OF THE REDAN.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF
WILLIAM KIMBERLIN, ROYAL FUSILIERS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

The siege and fall of Sebastopol were the most momentous features of the Crimean War in 1854-55, undertaken to prevent Russian aggression in Turkey. Sebastopol, a harbour and fortress on the Black Sea coast, was besieged by the allied British, French, and Turkish troops for nearly a year. It was incessantly bombarded, and the allies gradually worked towards it from the land under cover of wonderful trenches which they made. Two of the most powerful defences of Sebastopol were the Malakoff Tower and the Great Redan, the former a stone-built work, and the Redan a structure of earth created as the enemy advanced.

After the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava, Sebastopol was heavily bombarded for many months; then, on June 18th, 1855, a desperate united attempt was made by the English to take the Redan by storm, and by the French to capture the Malakoff. These failed, with great loss of life. On September 8th there was a renewed simultaneous storming, as the result of which the Russians were forced to withdraw from their defences, and Sebastopol fell after a heroic defence of 349 days. This ended the war.

Mr. William Kimberlin, upon whose graphic story this narrative is based, is a veteran seventy years of age. He served through the whole of the Crimean War with the 7th Royal Fusiliers. Joining the Army in 1852 at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the Crimea in 1854 and took part in the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava, and served throughout the siege of Sebastopol. He shared in both the terrible stormings of the Redan, and was wounded by a grape-shot in the second.

IT is a great and memorable anniversary, for it is the 18th of June, 1855, exactly forty years since Waterloo was fought. Forty years ago the French and British met in that immortal struggle under Wellington and Buonaparte. See what wondrous changes time has wrought! Here, fighting side by side against a common enemy, are Englishmen and Frenchmen, both awaiting the signal to storm the keys to that great fortress which is called Sebastopol. There the frowning Malakoff Tower is the target for the French; here the grim Redan awaits the onrush of the English. And this allied assault, they say, has been planned so that a glorious victory may take the sting from the bitterness of an Emperor's downfall and the crushing of a nation's army forty years ago.

But I am only a plain British soldier. I do not understand these matters, which are settled by the general and the rest of the officers. My only business is to obey orders to storm the Redan, and to remember that the watchword is "Forward!"

So now that I am in front of the Redan I am able to look about me and note things fairly calmly. The Redan by this time is an old friend, so is the Malakoff. The difference between them is great, for while the Malakoff—a great round white stone tower—has been there from the beginning of the bombardment of Sebastopol five months before, the Redan has grown up out of nothingness. So have many of the defences of the Russians and the allies, because a peculiarity of this war has been that the two forces have been constantly working towards each other under cover of the trenches which they have made.

Redan, you know, is a word used by engineers to indicate the simplest sort of field-work, and its purpose is to defend the

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approach to any given place, building, bridge, or town.

The Redan at Sebastopol has been formed by throwing up the earth in an immense thick wall, or parapet, about fifteen feet high. There are two long stretches of the wall, each extending for about seventy yards. In the middle is a sharp point called a salient, jutting out towards you like the bow of a ship. This salient is about seventeen feet high.

The whole of the Redan grins at you with guns. That is not all. In front of it is an enormous ditch, eleven feet deep, and from fifteen to twenty feet wide. In front of that, again, is a *chevaux-de-frise*, a hedge of spikes and bayonets and swords. In front of this again is a stretch of very rough sloping ground, and something like 400 yards from the Redan itself are the trenches which we have made to shelter ourselves from the Russian fire, and to cover us as we work our way day after day, like moles burrowing, near enough to make it possible to deliver a fierce sudden rush. Let me complete this mental picture by telling you that on each side of us, right and left, there is a ravine. So even the simple watchword "Forward!" is hardly needed, since we cannot go on either side, and we cannot go back.

This storming of the fort would be like a tremendous obstacle race at any time, and thrilling enough even if we were all no more than friendly competitors. What will it be, then, to rush up that rough slope to the ridge where the Redan is, packed with troops and bristling with guns? The fight will be hard, but the prize is magnificent — Sebastopol itself! for if the Redan and the Malakoff and the rest of the fortifications, which are not so important, fall, the allies cannot be kept out.

There are three columns of us Englishmen—sappers, skirmishers, ladder parties and woolbag men, with storming parties, reserves, and workmen. The woolbagmen — we call call them that, though some carry bags of hay, are to try and fill parts of the ditch, then the ladders are to be planted, and we are to swarm up into the Redan and take it. In the three columns there are about 6000 officers and men, and all are crowded together in a very little space, waiting for the signal to advance. There are amongst us some very young officers who are in later years to become famous and get the highest promotion possible for fighting men. There is a young midshipman with the sailors who is later to go into the army, and who is now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.; and there is a young Engineer who is to become Commander-in-Chief of the British Army — Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

We have marched at Sunday midnight from our cantonments to the trenches—two miles under the shelter of the entrenchments which we have made for our own protection. We have been crouching and crowding for two hours, waiting for the Monday's dawn.

My officers and comrades are about me. There is the brave Colonel Yea, of my own regiment, the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He is commanding No. 3 column, and they have made him a brigadier-general. No man is more beloved in all the British regiments, because none has shown more consideration for his soldiers. Colonel Yea is a hard fighter, too, and has seen as much of death and suffering as most of us. It is he who at the Alma said, with tears in his eyes: "There, look there! That's all that remains of my poor Fusiliers! A colour is missing, but, thank God, no Russian has it!" We carried colours into battle in those days, and they are with us here, at the foot of the little hill which is crowned by the Redan. Colonel Yea is standing, alert and bold, a glorious picture of a fighting man, waiting for the signal for the simultaneous storming. His left hand—I see him now—is on his scabbard, his right is on his sword-hilt.

The fight has now been opened by the stormers, and we of the bayonets are awaiting the order to advance.

Suddenly the signal comes. There is a scrape and swish of steel as Colonel Yea whips out his sword, a flash of a blade, and the loud ringing voice of our chief as he shouts: "Follow me, men!"

Remember that!

"Follow me!"

That was the spirit of the best of them, those who led the way to death or victory. And for the most part the men, the old hands, those who have been scorched in the fire of battle, obey. If there are those who hold back, the raw recruits, the unnerved, what of it? Has it not been so in every fight—and did not Wellington himself say that not every man who wore the soldier's uniform was a hero? And you must remember that it is reported that the Redan is mined, that the ground will explode under our very feet, even if we reach it, and that there are those amongst us who have seen the Russians mercilessly slay our helpless wounded.

We have, as I have told you, a mere strip of ground to cover—only a few hundred

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"Follow me, men!"

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yards—and we dash after or with our officers, dash as best we can, but mostly helter-skelter, because there is no keeping to a programme at a time like this.

I see one thing only, the Redan, in front and above us, on the ridge. I am filled with only one desire, to reach the parapet, and get the dreadful business over. And why not? It is sweeter to live than die, and although I have faced death in every hideous shape since I landed in the Crimea I never cease to dread it and to shrink from its shadow.

Now it is a very inferno in that small space. The guns burst in our very faces; the packed Russians blaze at us with musketry. Every yard, every foot, every inch, it seems, of that rough ground which lies between us and the Russians, that open space which we must cross before we win the fight, is torn by shot and shell and ball. There are officers present—our Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, amongst them—who remember the Peninsula and Waterloo, who saw the storming of Badajoz and Rodrigo, in the days when British soldiers made a trade of fighting, and were at it year after year for half-a-dozen years. And these veterans say that the fusillade is worse than even Badajoz.

I cannot speak for that; but I do know that at the Alma, at Inkerman, at Balaklava—at no previous battle have I seen anything to match it.

We rush along, through the rank grass, over the rough, broken ground, reckless of the gravel-pits, ignoring the trenches; panting, shouting, jostling, cheering, in the track of the stormers and woolbagmen and ladder-men who have gone ahead.

What happens instantly? Dazed though we may be, and numbed to most things, we know that our colonel has fallen. I am very near him and see him fall—not ten paces has he covered since his sword swished and his clear voice rang. Now he is lying dead in front of the Redan, riddled by rifle bullets. Dead! And he has escaped death so often!

Near the colonel is our sergeant-major—Bacon, they call him, a fine man and a gallant soldier. His place is at the head of the regiment, and he is passing me to get there and to lead us into the Redan, if human effort can accomplish it. I dimly see his figure in the battle-smoke, pressing onward in the turmoil. He stops abruptly and falls without a cry. That again is a hideous happening, for a grape-shot has struck his neck and the head is nearly severed.

So the colonel and the sergeant-major are gone—the heads of the regiment. Fate is merciless to us. Our adjutant, Hobbs, another fine soldier, is killed as we advance—but why prolong the list of the slain? There are many, and no ranks suffer more than the commissioned. We know of and notice these things, although in battle you know little and most that happens is unnoticed.

You have seen an engine trying to start with a heavy load or on slippery rails? Every ounce of steam goes into the cylinders, and the wheels whirr round on the lines; but the locomotive does not move, the train stands still.

So are we in front of the Redan. We strive, madly, savagely, and with all our hearts and souls to get at the enemy, for the sooner we are at steel-grip with him the sooner we shall see the end of this rain of metal, this ploughing and destroying of our ranks, this covering of the earth with our dead and wounded; but we melt before the crashing guns and crackling muskets and are thrown back from the parapet and the salient.

I have told you of the Bluejackets, who are the woolbagmen and the laddermen. I could not tell you half enough of the gallant way in which they rush with their burdens, drag their bags and their ladders, and get them to the parapet. Up go the ladders against the rough crude walls of earth, and up swarm some of the sailors and stormers—a few who have escaped the fire which sweeps across the ground like hail. They climb like acrobats and fight like fiends, but they are overwhelmed in what promises to be the moment of victory, and are either killed as they jump into the Redan or are hurled back into the yawning ditch.

Now we think of nothing but our task, we hear nothing but the order "Forward!" It is follow your leader—and we do our best. Many have been numbered with the commanding officer, the adjutant, the sergeant-major, and the rest; you have to go on—there is no going back. And so, against the fence of steel and iron, and into the ditch we go and dash for the ladders.

How is it done? I cannot tell you. How are many things accomplished when the blood is hot? You have your orders and you obey. That is all. And there is always the discipline and emulation which make men do the seemingly impossible.

We do not remember or notice much, but we do not forget that our allies, the French, are storming the Malakoff, and we do not want to fail when they succeed.

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Up go the ladders against the rough, crude walls of earth, and up swarm some of the sailors and stormers.

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So we continue. It is terrible, deafening, bewildering. We are for ever striving and winning nothing—the human waves of us, hurling like breakers on the shore, against the Redan—and crumbling just as the water does. As well might we cast ourselves against the cliffs which defy the sea.

We fight furiously on, hoping against hope that we shall win—then suddenly we know the truth, that the assault on the Redan has hopelessly failed, that we are repulsed—beaten, if you like, defeated, and that the Russians are the victors.

So the unwilling bitter order is issued, and we withdraw from the ground which is strewn with our dead and more than ever torn with shot, and we re-form in the trenches from which we have sallied in the hope of glorious victory.

It is the mournful right of a beaten enemy to hoist the flag of truce, and under cover of that signal of temporary mercy we go out to the Redan again and gather up our dead and wounded. Then the horrors of a fight are manifest. There is no thrill of battle, no clash of steel, no whizz of bullet, no crash and roar of gun, and no wild tingling of the blood. There is awful stillness, broken only by the groans of the dying and the louder cries of those who will live—and be maimed for ever.

The brave commanding officer is lying where he fell, and we see that seven bullets have struck him. Swift, too, has been the end of other officers and men, as their attitudes and faces show—but there are many soldiers on that bloody spot who have died hard, very hard; and more who are dying harder still.

Two hours only for the truce—the burial and the bringing in of the wounded; then we are enemies again, and resume the grim bombardment of the fortress which seems as if it would never fall.

We count up our losses. They are heavy—ninety-nine officers and nearly fifteen hundred men killed and wounded—one officer in fifteen. And we estimate our gains—which are nothing.

So we have to start afresh and pound away at the Redan with big guns until we can storm the fort again. And as the days go by, we in the ranks gradually learn what is being said in higher quarters—that the plan of the attack on the Redan was bad, and the carrying out of it worse.

* * * * *

It is nearly three months later—September 8th—and we are in front of the Redan again, at noon this time, huddled in the trenches, waiting for the signal of attack. It is very much a repetition of the disastrous storming of June 18th; but we have the benefit of our bitter experience, and profit by it. Here, again, for these of us who care to think, there are plenty of gloomy subjects, for the ground on which we stand and over which we are to fight once more is a veritable cemetery. But there is a consciousness that now, indeed, the only word is "Forward!" There is no going back.

We lie down in our trenches while our batteries and the Russian batteries pound each other, and while the French storm the Malakoff afresh. They are to be luckier than the English, because they catch their enemy unprepared, taking his noonday rest after eating and drinking.

The signal that we are to attack comes with the hoisting of a flag. Then it is "Advance!" and "Forward!" once more, and we are in the thick of the fight. Again a man loses his individuality, and becomes a member of a desperately striving band of soldiers.

It is June 18th over again; but not so fatal, not so terrible, not so bloody. We are more lucky, too, and I am one of those who manage, God alone knows how, to get as far as the deep, wide ditch through that amazing hail of missiles.

The ground, remember, is hard, and there is a constant rattling of metal upon it—a death-rattle, in very truth. And that storm is broken at little intervals by a savage squall, as it seems, of grape-shot.

Picture the sight you have often witnessed of a hailstorm in a paved roadway. The hail patters down, does it not? That represents rifle-fire. Then there is a scream of wind, and the ground is swept with a volley of hail. You have seen it? You understand? The pattering is the ceaseless rifle-fire; the volleys are the crashes of grapeshot at a murderous range.

We rush ahead, I know not how, and tumble, helter-skelter and pell-mell, into the ditch. Then there are the ladders to climb, to swarm up, and the work with the bayonet to be done at the top.

Fancy yourself rushing the side of an ordinary house, scrambling up a ladder, and fighting for your footing at the top. You are pushed or shot or bayoneted, or thrown from your footing and your grip, and struggle in a hell-heap in the ditch, which has become like a vast grave. How can men do it? How do they live at all through such a time?

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Again, I say, I cannot tell you. I am only a soldier, and the order is "Forward!" "Advance!" and my duty is to obey.

I am in the ditch, I say, and I mean to be in the Redan, which has threatened and defied us so long. There is shouting, struggling, ordering, wild confusion, a furious pressing onward. The dead and wounded are thick about me. Men have fallen under their ladders or bags, officers, who have been leading and encouraging, are still and silent; but there is no time to think or look or stop. Victory is so near at last that we may snatch it.

My furious advance is checked. I am struck and crippled by a spent grapeshot, and am knocked out of the fight and present knowledge of the battle.

I am taken, after many hours, into hospital, and next day I have to make room for men who are more dangerously hurt. I am fit for duty of some sort, and I am told off for it.

Eh? What is that? Where am I to go? Into Sebastopol itself!

Then I know that the Redan has fallen at last; that it has become ours; that we have really taken it, but have been forced to evacuate it for want of reinforcements.

I know that that resistless storming has succeeded, that British troops have actually gained the parapet, have won the Redan, and are holding it. And I hear that because the reinforcements have not come, because our men are not strong enough to hold the fort, the Russians take heart of grace and furiously rush back upon them. There is a mad dash for the ladders and a headlong overbalancing of officers and men into the ditch.

To advance has been terrible enough, but to retire is infinitely more awful. That is always the case, and this is no exception. In the scramble to escape from the hard-won Redan there is this tumbling back into the ditch, and amongst the fixed bayonets and drawn swords, too. Some tumble on to these pitiless blades, and of their wounds who shall tell? How shall I describe them? Others are crushed by the mere weight of falling bodies upon them. And to add to the horrors of it all, the Russians mount the parapet afresh and hurl stones, grape-shot, muskets with fixed bayonets, and even live shells, into the very midst of the struggling writhing human mass.

But even the sullen, patient, gallant, stubborn Russians have had enough of it, and during the night they abandon the Redan. Perhaps they might have held it still—but what of that? The Redan has fallen, and fallen because we have pounded it remorselessly during all these long months, and desperately stormed it twice. Just under 2500 officers and men have been killed or wounded, and in two hours—heavier losses than we had at Inkerman in six; so that these two stormings have cost us more than 4000 casualties.

But what of the price? The Redan is ours, and we are satisfied. When the morning of the 9th comes the war is over, for Sebastopol, after such a siege as they say has never been known in history, has fallen. Even while it is burning and the Russians are hurrying out of it by water the victors—sometimes English, French, and Turkish, arm-in-arm together, are roystering about the ruined streets and are singing gladly "No more trenches!"

The war is ended—and I am very glad, for battle, famine, cold, and disease have claimed the lives of a vast number of Englishmen. And there are the French and Turkish losses, too—and on the other, the Russian, side the gloomy, grey-coated troops from the strange big country which is once again at war as I talk with you—and fighting for her very life. In Sebastopol itself we count their dead by hundreds—is there not in one large room alone seven hundred, many of them lying just as the surgeons had left them after amputations?

But that is the fighting of fifty years ago. Let me finish in a cheerier strain.

Of that enforced withdrawal for the second time from the Redan we are reminded in a very curious way. The Turks have a habit of saying to us, "No *bono*," when they mean that a thing is no good, and our French allies, when we meet, as we often do, jeer at us because of our failure and shout, "No *bono*, Redan!" We are stung into answer, and remembering that June 18th, forty years before, we shout back "No *bono* Waterloo!" which always knocks the conceit out of them.

That, of course, is fifty years ago—and we were soldiers of the tough old school. They are different now, because times have changed—and they tell me it is better so.

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To Love Honour and Disobey

The Story of a Bride with a Will of her Own.

By Lilian Joy.

"And obey."

The bride cast a defiant look at the parson. The faint gleam of humour in his eye was quickly suppressed, and his mouth closed in a determined and serious line while he waited. The bride fidgeted and blushed a little, and cast another of those fascinating, defiant glances, this time at the bridegroom.

"And obey," repeated the parson firmly.

"And"—said the bride in the lowest voice, followed by a funny little sneeze and a mumble, the total result of which might have been taken for *dis*obey.

The parson hesitated a moment and then proceeded.

Afterwards in the carriage the bride laid her small hand in the bridegroom's big one and exclaimed triumphantly:

"I said disobey. I said disobey. Did you hear?"

"Was that what that sneeze was meant for?" said the bridegroom, and he laughed. He had heard her say the "love" quite plainly and that was all he cared about.

Her godmothers had given her Obedience as a second name, and she declared that she had spent her life in trying "to live it down."

Yet two months later she discovered on reflection that despite her revision of the marriage vow she was obeying Jack after all.

"This obedience can't go on," she said to herself. "It's dull and suburban and stupid. Besides, it's perjury. I think that's what it is called when you promise to do one thing and then do another." Then, after a pause: "He said he wouldn't have a cat. I'll buy one."

At dinner she looked impertinently over the flowers at him and announced:

"I've bought a cat."

He did not turn reproachful eyes on her as she wanted him to do. He looked at his plate. She said to herself that it is horrid the way that you never can tell what a man is thinking.

"What kind of a cat?" he asked presently.

She explained in a series of little rapturous exclamations.

Again he was silent, and afterwards he condescended to look at the cat, even to stroke it, though she knew he hated the species, saying with much feeling: "Poor pussy."

She began to toss her head and to think that she was going to, so to speak, boss this show, and at the bottom of her heart she was dreadfully sorry for it.

The next day at dinner he suddenly announced:

"I've bought a dog."

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"A dog," she screamed. "But what about my cat?"

"Oh! they can fight it out," he said callously.

"When will it arrive?" she inquired in sepulchral tones.

"Not for a week or two," he replied.

It came, however, unexpectedly on the next day, and met Rough, the cat, in the hall. By the time they were separated the bride thought of fainting.

The following few days she spent most of her time working out problems of where she should shut up one beast while she transferred the other to another apartment. Both the animals were eager to elude these plans, and, aided by the inadvertence of servants, who opened wrong doors and let them out, they managed to arrange sundry meetings in which they each parted with a considerable amount of their natural covering amid a chorus of yowls and hisses.

At the end of a week she said:

"This cat and dog life cannot be supported. Either your dog leaves the house this day or——"

"Your cat does," he concluded.

The cat it was that went.

After this she did not bother about being disobedient for some time. Then one of the old aunts who had helped her to her second name chanced to drop in.

"I should like to think, dear child," said she, "that you try to live up to your name given to you by your godfather and godmothers in your baptism."

"I'm afraid I have been living down to it lately," admitted the bride.

"My *dear* child," squeaked the horrified aunt, and continued to speak for several minutes, but what it was all about the bride couldn't have told you, because she was busy thinking how she could disobey her husband again for a change.

"He's a dear," she thought, "and he doesn't deserve it. But he might get masterful if I made a rule of giving in. The worst of it is that he never really commands me to do anything. I can't very well say, 'I shan't,' when he makes a meek request for me to pass him the butter at the breakfast table."

Then she remembered unfortunately that he had a particular objection to amateur

"A dog?" she screamed. "But what about my cat?"

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theatricals, and that he had put a veto on her joining the local club.

She made immediate arrangements for having herself elected, and announced the result with outward triumph. Inwardly she suffered from a slight qualm of conscience. Jack glanced up at her, quite angry for once, but caught a gleam of such saucy defiance that he straightway laughed.

"Oh, ho! I see. You were thinking that it was about time that you rehearsed your wedding vow again. You know I hate the idea of those wretched amateur barn-stormers making rotten plays the excuse for spooning with other chaps' wives, and I simply won't have you joining the society."

"Humph!" said the bride with a theatrical air. "This jealousy is absurd. Besides, of *course*, they don't *really* kiss you. I think the grease paint would taste."

"I should think they don't, indeed! Anyway, you are not to join."

Jack was exerting marital authority with a vengeance.

"Jack," she said, "remember, please, that *I* never promised to obey you—on the contrary, I vowed to *disobey*. I feel I have been neglecting to keep my promise lately. Anyway, it's no use haggling over it now, because I'm elected, and there's an end of it."

"Oh!" said Jack acquiescently, and relapsed into thought.

The bride sat in the big saddle-back chair opposite him and gushed spasmodically as ideas struck her about the gowns that she would wear in the *ingénue* part. She would be sure to be cast for this because she had a very pretty face and figure, and all the outward requirements.

The secretary of the club was a great friend of Jack's, and they went up to town by the same train the next day.

A week or so later the bride received a polite note from the club secretary offering her a part in the coming play of a typical "smutty slavey."

Jack found her almost in tears.

"I think it's an insult, Jack," she said. "It has given me an awful feeling that I must appear hideous to other people. After all looks are all a matter of opinion, and my nose does turn up a little. It would have to be painted red with a smut on the end. Oh! Jack, darling, I can't—I can't. I should look *awful!*"

"I'm afraid you would," he admitted ruthlessly. "Does anyone have to kiss you?"

"Yes, an ostler, also with a red nose."

"Poor chap."

"Why? Because of the nose, or because of kissing me?"

"Both."

"Jack, I hate you!"

"Well, you promised to love me, you know. You mustn't back out of that part of the vow when you are keeping the rest of it so well. But cheer up. This will be a fine chance of giving them a really subtle piece of character acting."

"Jack," she exclaimed, "you surely don't suppose for one moment that I am going to play that part. I could never look my glass in the face—my face in the glass, I mean, again. I should always see myself with my nose red and a smut at the end. No dear, I have written to say that I found that my husband did not approve of amateur theatricals, and that I have decided to resign my membership of the club, but that I shall be pleased to pay my subscription."

Jack kept his eyes on the ground, but his moustache twitched. She surveyed these signs with a demureness that was suspiciously severe. He looked up, and as their glances met they burst into a duet of laughter.

Some time after she learnt that it was by special request from Jack to the honorary secretary that she had been offered that particular part.

The failure of this last bout of disobedience might have been expected to damp any further attempts. So, indeed, it did for a considerable time, in so much that anyone would have imagined the bride to be the most docile creature in the world.

It was an outside influence again which aroused the spirit of defiance in her. A cousin, who was likewise an old admirer, came to stop. He had gathered the meaning of the little sneeze at the ceremony, and wanted to know from Jack whether he managed to keep her in order. Jack rashly hinted at attacks of self-will and subsequent repentance.

"I'd have made you obey me," said the cousin.

"Indeed you wouldn't," said the bride, tossing her head. "I don't intend to obey any man—unless I choose. Jack took me on that clear understanding."

"He evidently keeps you in excellent order, however. I don't believe you dare disobey him now."

"Daren't I?" said the bride defiantly. "Then I shall just become a vegetarian and a Christian scientist to-morrow. That'll show you whether I dare do as I choose or not."

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Both the men laughed, Jack with a distinct air of uneasiness. If there was one thing that he loathed even more bitterly than the idea of amateur theatricals it was the notion of women taking up fads of this nature.

As ill luck would have it a friend of the bride's, with a morbid mania for spending her substance on interviews with departed relatives procured through the medium of a certain stout clairvoyante, called that very afternoon.

Would the bride come to a *séance?* She thought of the scoffing cousin and her spirit rose in revolt. She would assert her independence. She went. She found herself sitting in a darkened room, undecided whether to giggle, or scream with nervousness. Cold water seemed to be trickling down her back. She was asked if she would like to communicate with any departed spirit. In her confusion she replied at first she was afraid she did not know any.

A man next to her, who was also a newcomer, smothered a laugh. The medium, however, repeated her question with such impressive severity that the bride hastily expressed a longing to converse with the spirit of a great aunt who had died some years ago.

In a few moments she could see the vague outline of a white-clad figure standing quite near her. It was rather a thin figure and her aunt had been stout in this life, but she reflected that spirits have no flesh.

"I have a message for my niece, Gertrude," said the spirit.

"What is the message?" demanded the medium.

"I cannot give it to-day," replied the spirit. "The moon is not in the right quarter. I must come again."

"Have you anything to say to others present?" asked the medium.

"Yes," replied the spirit, and proceeded to give information about various other departed spirits to people in the room.

The bride arrived home in a great state of nervous excitement and of curiosity as to what the message for her could be.

"I detest all this nonsense," said Jack at dinner, when she had concluded a graphic description of the afternoon's proceedings. "It's all tommy-rot. I won't have you rushing off to any more of these meetings."

"But I must," said the bride, "I simply will hear Aunt Maria's message."

"Perhaps it is to tell you of a buried hoard," suggested the cousin.

"Don't talk such rubbish," said Jack. "Of course, the whole thing is a fraud. And I object to your going to this place to be made a fool of."

"Well, I am going," said the bride with determination. "I consider it my duty. Poor Aunt Maria may have something on her mind."

"I don't believe you dare disobey him now."

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"So you don't get entirely your own way, after all, Jack?" said the cousin.

Jack merely closed his lips firmly.

"Well, if you do go," he said, presently, "I go with you. When is the next show?"

"On Wednesday evening. I am sure you will be convinced when you have seen it."

"Yes, I expect I shall," remarked Jack in enigmatical tones.

When he came in on Tuesday evening he opened a small box on the dining-room table and began to examine the contents.

"Aren't these rather curious?" said he.

"A new penny toy?" she inquired. "You must spend fortunes on them."

The box was full of small tacks. Jack arranged a row of them standing on their heads in front of him. He pushed them with his fingers, and they bent over and then rolled upright again.

"There, do you see," he said, "they won't roll over? They are balanced on the same principles as those little bottles that you buy."

"But what is the use of that?" said the bride. "You don't want tacks to stand on their heads and do acrobatic tricks. You want them to turn the other way and keep things together."

"That depends," said Jack, "on the use for which they are intended."

On Wednesday evening Jack was in hilarious spirits, hardly in keeping with the class of entertainment he was about to attend.

"For goodness' sake do behave yourself," said the bride as they drove in the cab to their destination.

"Of course I shall behave. I am looking forward to meet Aunt Maria immensely."

"Don't talk in that frivolous way. It makes me shiver. It is so disrespectful to poor Aunt Maria's spirit. However, you'll change your tune when you really see her. Jack, mind you get a chair next to me. I am sure I should scream this time if you weren't near."

Arrived at the house of the clairvoyante Jack assumed an air of the utmost interest while he submitted to being introduced to various ladies, chiefly in home-made garments of strange hue and form.

"Don't you feel creepy?" whispered the bride when the lights were lowered.

"S—sh," said the clairvoyante, "I am about to begin." Then in sepulchral tones, "I call on the spirit of Miss Maria Bryant who has a message for one present."

After several moments pause a curious light appeared in one corner of the room that gradually evolved itself into a white-clad figure which moved slowly forward.

"Who called me?" said a deep voice of almost masculine tone.

"I did," said the clairvoyante. "You have a message, I believe, from the other world for one who is present."

The bride who was trembling violently felt for Jack's hand in the dark and squeezed it hard. He put his arm round her comfortingly.

The spirit moved forward again more quickly and then suddenly and unexpectedly there was a yell, developing into the truly human expletive "Confound it!"

A match was struck and in a moment Jack had lighted the gas, and displayed to the blinking eyes of the company the spirit,—a cadaverous young man draped in a rather grubby sheet, sitting on the table and picking tacks out of the soles of his socks.

* * * * *

"I had no idea a *séance* was such sport," said Jack as they drove home again. "The tacks worked splendidly, didn't they?"

"Jack," said the bride meekly, "I am afraid I've made a fool of myself again. I always seem to when I go my own way."

"Still, you never promised to obey, did you?" said Jack, cheerfully and unconcernedly.

"No, but I think I will. I believe I should have made myself quite ill if I had gone to many more of these things. I'm sure I should have fainted to-night if you hadn't put your arm round me when you did."

"But I didn't. What *do* you mean?"

"You didn't put your arm round me? You didn't?" gasped the bride. "Then, good gracious, Jack, it must have been that horrible little creature with the long hair and the crumpled shirt who sat near us. I noticed him ogling more than ever afterwards. The little wretch. And I squeezed his hand—how awful! And, oh, ugh—he kissed me!"

"Yes, that is who it was I expect. You see, I stood up to throw the tacks. If you will go to these sort of entertainments——"

"But I won't, Jack dear, darling. I won't go anywhere you don't want me to."

Then, after a pause, in a low voice:

"Do you think it would be possible for us to be married again?"

"Married again? Good heavens, we haven't been divorced yet."

"No, but I think I shouldn't mind saying 'and obey' now."

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MASQUERADING MOTOR CARS

The Lighter Side of Motoring.

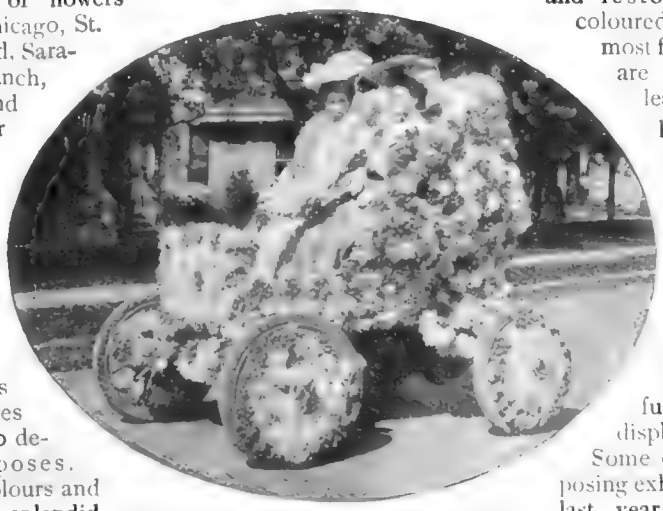
By B. Evan-Francis.

Floral parades of motor cars have recently become very popular, and processions of this description are frequently combined, at automobile meetings, with more serious matters, such as speed and hill-climbing tests.

Especially in the United States have these motor carnivals become fashionable. Last season battles of flowers were held at Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Saratoga, Long Branch, Los Angeles, and several other towns. These contests have so rapidly leaped into favour that their continuance in the future is certain.

Automobiles lend themselves very naturally to decorative purposes. Their varied colours and shapes afford splendid opportunities for the enthusiastic decorator. The long boat-shaped racer and the big touring-car each strikes a distinctive note, and lends itself to a separate scheme of ornamentation.

The spectacle of a long line of cars buried beneath masses of blossoms passing along a street, itself decorated with floral arches and festoons of gaily-coloured ribbons, is most fascinating. Nor are the drivers the least attractive part of this imposing pageant. The beautiful occupants of the motors add much to the charm of the whole procession. Children also form a delightful feature of these displays.



This charmingly-decorated car gained a first prize.

Some of the most imposing exhibits in a parade last year derived their charm from the pretty

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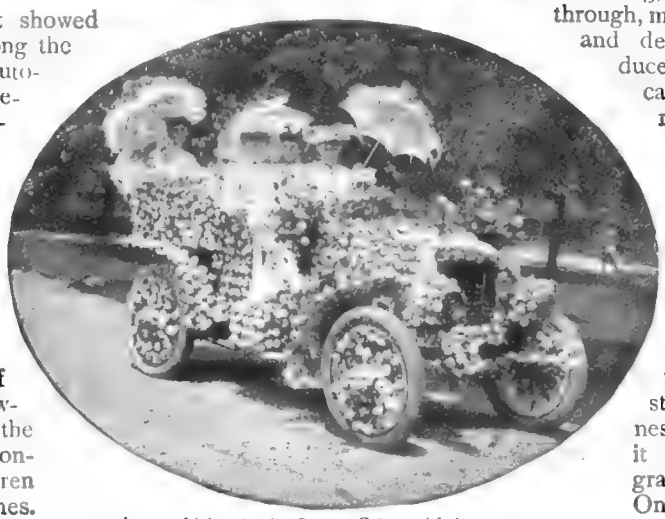
A somewhat novel departure in car decoration.

little faces that showed themselves among the flowers. One automobile was designed to represent a boat, the outside being covered with long, green grass, while a very large anchor of flowers hung from the prow. The chief interest was, however, centred in the "crew," which consisted of children in sailor costumes.



A car which gained a Second Prize, with its owners.

Another exceedingly charming effect was gained by having one of the cars seemingly drawn by an enormous butterfly, with gorgeously-coloured wings. From these long ribbons of varied hue ran back, to be held in the hands of little girls, who thus controlled their picturesque "steed."

Night parades are becoming very popular, as well as floral processions, which take place in the day-time. There is, as may be imagined, an unusual scope for decorators in these latter displays. Illumination naturally plays an important part in the proceedings, and flowers are to some extent replaced by fairy lamps. The combinations which may be effected by means of electric lamps, large and small, and of various colours, together with Japanese and Chinese lanterns hidden among, and radiating through, masses of flowers and decorations, produce a scene which cannot easily be rivalled.

Naturally, this side of motoring appeals tremendously to the feminine nature. To mere man a car is simply a machine of strength or swiftness. To woman it is a thing of grace and beauty. On it she may lavish that artistic

"Back to the Land." An agricultural entry.

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A car decorated with chrysanthemums and bunting which took part in a parade at Augusta, Virginia, U.S.

sense with which she is so largely endowed, and create from a thing of wood and iron the fairy-like masses of garlands which are seen slowly and majestically proceeding in the floral parade, guided by their triumphant designers—proud in the consciousness of their achievements.

To motoring, as to many other things, there are two sides. The ordinary commonplace estimate sets down the automobile as a mere means to an end, that end being the attainment of speed in travelling. The fact is not generally appreciated that to this essentially masculine sport there is a gentle, feminine side. Yet such is the case. Measureless possibilities for beautiful spectacular effects and light forms of entertainment may be found in even a prosaic Mercèdes.

Two picturesque designs. The car on the left is supposed to be drawn by a huge butterfly.

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Mr. Rousterby's Cricket Match

How he Pulled a Game out of the Fire for the Clayton Cricket Club.

By P. Kendal Brooke.

Mr. Rousterby was the typical *parvenu*, and his great ambition had always been to be a sportsman.

A hunting experience in the past had convinced him that, as far as he was concerned, a pastime followed on foot was the most satisfactory. He was, he concluded, not intended by Nature for a horseman.

So when he learned that already the cricketing team of his adjacent village was beginning to practise at the nets, he resolved to join the club and send a big subscription to its always slender funds.

"Make me popular, that," quoth Ben complacently, as he sealed down the envelope containing a substantial cheque, and threw it over to his secretary, Frank Power, to direct. "And," he added, "I shall get into a suit of white flannels, and go down for an hour's practice at the nets every afternoon, just to get my hand in."

Power looked up from his writing.

"Have you ever played cricket before?" he asked.

"Not cricket—rounders," was the reply.

"Ah, then, I think you'll want all the practice you can get," rejoined the secretary, with a twinkle in his eye. He had been a fine cricketer from his early boyhood, and could not help indulging in a dry smile at the thought of the ever-confident Ben taking the field, in middle life, without entertaining any doubt whatever as to his own ability or skill at the game.

For the next fortnight, Mr. Rousterby, looking more rotund than ever in his flannels, might have been seen assiduously practising, bat in hand, on the cricket ground, whilst a professional bowled at his legs and took his wicket with such frequency as to absolutely border on the monotonous.

In the ordinary course of things, we need hardly say that Mr. Rousterby would not have found his way into the match-playing team of the Clayton Cricket Club; but the captain and secretary thereof, one George Bellerby, was a crafty man, wise in his generation, and one having a sharp eye on the main chance; that eye had lighted upon Ben as a very desirable milch cow to supply the C.C.C. with the funds of which it stood so urgently in need. Ben was rich—the club was poor; *ergo*, amalgamate the twain, and all would be well. And, in order to induce the aspirant for fame to pay up, Bellerby saw that Ben must be chosen to play in some of the matches.

Such a choice might, and probably would, "offend the weaker brethren" who were better entitled to the honour of playing for their club, but Bellerby knew what he was about. Choosing Ben was as a libation poured out to the immortal gods—a sacrifice it might be, but, in view of a debt of £36 4s. 4d. owing by the club at the commencement of the season, a sacrifice of necessity.

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Mr. Rousterby, his bulk already somewhat reduced, and his nose slightly "peeled" by the regular exercise at the nets and exposure to the sun respectively, walked into his study one morning, and, assuming a nonchalant air, said:

"Power, they're askin' me to play for 'em in this match against the Rudberry Rovers. S'pose I shall have to do it, hey?"

Frank Power, who was well aware that his excellent employer was bubbling over at the thought of the honour done him in being selected for the "match team," could not resist the temptation of rejoining:

"Oh, there's really no necessity to consent, Mr. Rousterby. No doubt they could find plenty of substitutes willing to take your place if you don't want to play."

"Don't want to play be jiggered, Power!" retorted Ben angrily. Then he hastily added: "I mean—I—well, o' course, it don't matter not a brass button to me, one way or the other. But, still, as I've been picked as 'best available talent'—ye see, they ain't got any Frys or Ranjitsinjis or Warners in our club—why, I may as well play and help 'em win their match."

And the day appointed for the great opening cricket match of the season found Ben arrayed in his best white flannels and wearing a straw hat, adorned with the coloured ribbon of the club—yellow with red spots and a zigzag green stripe on it—standing in the tent, to observe the order of "going in."

"We've won the toss, sir," said the astute Bellerby, "and I shall take first innings. I'm afraid I must put you in 'last man.'"

Ben nodded. His vanity was rather hurt by being selected to go in at the very tail of the eleven, but he said nothing, lit a cigar, and strolled off to the shade of a big elm tree, from which vantage place he could watch the progress of the game, and keep out of the sun's rays.

Either the batting force of Clayton was terribly weak, or the bowling of the Rudberry Rovers especially deadly, for the wickets of the home team went down like ninepins. Their gallant captain, Bellerby, alone seemed able to make any stand against the catapult slinging of the Rovers' fast bowler, an enormous blacksmith, and a man of iron muscle.

When Ben, from a distance, fearfully contemplated the mighty smith's "deliveries"—high over his head—he began to think that hunting was not the only British sport into which the element of danger largely entered. In short, Ben had a strong idea of arranging for a substitute to take his place, and then walking off home to Thurn Hall without any further delay.

But his captain's example and brilliant hitting saved him from this ignominy. And as he watched Bellerby hitting out boldly at almost every ball, putting this one to leg for a couple of runs, and cutting the next for four, steering an extra fast delivery through the slips to the boundary, and then stepping out to the last ball of the "over" and making a lofty hit for five, right out of the ground, a sudden ambition fired Ben's imaginative mind. When his turn came, he would go and do likewise.

And his turn came woefully soon. Not one of the team could manage to remain in with Bellerby. The slow bowler at one end was easy enough to play, but the destructive "expresses" of the doughty smith were not to be denied.

That mighty man was constantly "in the timber yard," and almost before he could realise his position, the ninth wicket had fallen, and Mr. Rousterby, armed with thick pads strapped round his legs, and wearing indiarubber-fingered gloves, was walking from the tent to the wickets. There was a smile upon his lips, but there were also certain misgivings within as to whether his heart had not slipped down to somewhere in the immediate vicinity of his boots.

But with all the outward assurance of a "W. G." he took guard, dug himself a fresh little grave with his bat, and then turned to face the valiant smith.

It was the last ball of the "over." The bowler retired for many yards behind the opposite wicket, then, taking a tremendous run, he hurled his brawny arm round like a windmill-sail, and the ball flew from his hand. Ben—though his eye never lighted on the "sphere" for a moment—made a great "swipe" in the direction in which he thought it ought to be, but without tangible result.

"Over!" called the umpire; and for the time Ben was reprieved.

The slow bowler then went on, now trundling to Bellerby. That sportsman hit a single off the first ball he received, thus again bringing Mr. Rousterby into action.

The second delivery of the "lob" bowler, with its peculiar break, deceived our friend's eye. He "swiped" and clean missed the ball, which went perilously close to his wicket. The next ball his wildly-wielded bat caught, fair and square, and, amid frantic plaudits from the supporters of the home team, the batsmen ran four.

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Poor Ben was so winded by this sharp and unaccustomed exercise, that he had to ask for time before resuming operations. Again he wildly slogged at the ball, putting it right into the hands of cover-point, who "buttered" the catch—mercifully for the striker.

The next two balls missed the wicket by a hair's-breadth.

The slow bowler's "over" finished, the smith was again armed with the missile. Again Bellerby scored one from the first ball, and the batsmen changed ends. Ben, full of high hope, but with a certain sinking of the heart, faced the fast bowler, bat upraised.

The first terrific "hurl" Mr. Rousterby boldly smote at. He caught the ball, it is true, but, unfortunately, on the fingers of his right hand, and, despite the protection afforded by the indiarubber glove, the blow stung badly.

"D—ear me!" squealed Ben, in his agony, as he shook his damaged fingers and stamped about the pitch for a couple of minutes. Then, mastering the pain, he again assumed the defensive at the stumps.

The blacksmith, impatient to secure this last wicket, and thus finish the C.C.C.'s innings, took an extra long run and furiously discharged the ball from his hand. Ben caught a momentary glimpse of the missile as it pitched, then he "ducked," and it went right over his head.

Mr. Rousterby, armed with thick pads round his legs . . . was walking from the tent to the wickets.

"Ground's a bit fiery," muttered the wicket-keeper consolingly.

Without replying, Ben again stood up to be shot at.

The next ball he hit for two—they were sharp runs, and Ben only just got back and grounded his bat as the ball was smartly returned to the wicket. In turning away quickly to save himself from being hit, Mr. Rousterby unluckily received the ball with considerable force on his left ribs.

He screwed up his features—for cricket-balls are hard and unsympathetic things — and once more "faced the music."

Faster than ever ran the smith, and faster than ever came the ball whizzing down the pitch. Boldly did Ben stand to his guns, and at the right moment he hit out, and, amid a very storm

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of applause, the batsmen ran four. It was a really fine hit, though it must honestly be confessed that it was a case of "nobody more astonished than the striker."

A lucky "swipe" off the last ball of the "over," and again Ben found himself opposed by the slow bowler. He fairly settled down to his work, and slogged that astonished youth all over, and occasionally right out of, the ground. The score had been but a paltry 64 when Mr. Rousterby joined his captain, but these two (one by luck and the other by skill) took the total up to 127 before, in making a lusty hit, Bellerby was finely caught at long leg. On returning to the tent, both batsmen were vociferously cheered. But for their efforts the home team's chance would have been virtually extinguished. Ben's individual score was a very useful thirty-nine.

Luncheon was then served, and, immediately after the cold beef and salad had been disposed of, Bellerby suggested that they should lose no time in taking the field again.

Mr. Rousterby, under the impression that "something accomplished, something done, had earned a night's repose"— the village smith, whose bowling had just suffered so signally, persistently reminded him of the immortal lines anent the spreading chestnut tree—lit a cabana, and was preparing for an afternoon beneath the shady elms on the *dolce far niente* system, when Bellerby's voice broke in unpleasantly on his dreamings.

"I think, Mr. Rousterby, you had better field at short slip."

"Bless my heart, I'd forgotten altogether about the fieldin'," exclaimed our friend, momentarily disconcerted. Then he nodded acquiescence, asked where "short slip" was supposed to stand, and strolled off with his hands in his pockets, and his teeth still holding lovingly to the cigar.

Out walked the two white-coated umpires, quickly followed by the first pair of the Rovers' batsmen. The fieldsmen all closed in eagerly as though each individual member of the team momentarily expected a catch. Then the play began.

The first ball was just "snicked" by the batsman, and whizzed with fearful velocity just past Mr. Rousterby's nose. He thoughtfully rubbed the threatened, though unhurt, member, and exclaimed:

"I say, I think this is too near to be safe. Hold on for a bit, I'm goin' a bit farther away!"

But Bellerby, who was keeping wicket, briefly explained that the essence of "slip's" usefulness was that he should be close in, and Ben, with great reluctance, stayed.

The next ball flew by within easy reach. He put out his hand sharply, but more sharply still withdrew it, with tingling fingers and scarlet face.

"Bust the thing!" he shouted, thrusting his injured fingers into his pocket, whilst the rest of the team gazed reproachfully at him for missing the catch.

It was not till another two complete "overs" had been bowled that a chance of glory once more came in Ben's way. A ball glanced off the shoulder of the bat and came sharply to him.

In trying to make a catch, Ben's fingers became thumbs, he missed the ball with his hands and received its full force just above the region encircled by his gay coloured club belt. Mr. Rousterby doubled up incontinently, and his interest in the national game entirely died out for at least five minutes.

At the end of that time, when play was again resumed, our friend resolutely declined to do any more fielding at slip.

"Farther out in the country for me," he said firmly, in response to Bellerby's entreaties to again undertake his eventful duties. "I'll go out near the tent and field at long leg."

And, being a millionaire, he had his own way.

Before he had occupied this new post ten minutes, he had stung his fingers twice, burst the collar of his shirt, and tripped over a fox terrier which was seated, regarding the game with an absorbing interest, immediately behind him.

The crowd laughed, and Mr. Rousterby used "cuss words" vigorously.

Slowly, but surely, the Rovers piled up run upon run. Not only was the Smith a great bowler, he also proved himself a mighty wielder of the willow, and hit the ball all over the field. Especially fond was he of Ben's corner, and our hero never seemed to get any rest from running backwards and forwards after the "leather."

The bowling was frequently changed, but still runs came—not very freely, but with a steady persistence which threatened certainly to bring defeat on the Claytonites. The Rovers had made ninety-eight when their captain was bowled, but the man who succeeded him, together with the invincible smith, hit out freely, and again the total was steadily raised. Two wickets in hand and only nine

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runs wanted to win—then eight—then a boundary hit put on three more.

Excitement ruled high between the several partisans, and each time a ball was successfully played an outburst of cheering followed. Then a frenzied shout proclaimed that Bellerby had stumped the last-comer. One wicket only was left now, and but three runs wanted to secure a victory for the Rovers.

"Last man in," was the cry as the hope of the visiting club walked to the wickets. A single decent stroke would win them the hard-fought match. Every nerve in the players was tense; even Ben felt it to be a supreme moment.

The new-comer took guard coolly, and from the very first ball received hit a one. This brought the doughty smith once more opposite the bowler, and the Rover adherents looked upon the game as won, whilst a corresponding depression seized upon the supporters of the home team.

Down the pitch came the ball—would he miss it? A moment's uncertainty, and then, with a mighty lift, the village Vulcan opened his shoulders and sent the missile flying high through the air to the far side of the ground.

A burst of cheering broke forth from the Rudberryites. At that moment, Ben, who had been so keenly watching the game that he almost forgot he was anything but a spectator, suddenly saw the descending ball threatening his nose. Obeying the instinct of self-preservation, he put up both hands to ward off the danger, and found, to his great surprise, the ball safely held in them. It was a catch!

Frantic shouts of triumph sounded like a salvo of artillery in his ears. The match was won, the smith was out, and he, Ben, had caught him!

Before he had occupied this new post ten minutes, he had . . . tripped over a fox terrier.

Mr. Rousterby was as nearly overcome as ever he had been in his life. For a moment he felt quite faint. Then he remembered the importance always attached by Englishmen to a man bearing himself modestly in the moment of victory. He put his hands in his white flannel trouser pockets, and strolled slowly towards the tent, with an air of indifference which he was far from feeling.

The next moment such cries as "Well caught, sir!" "Magnificent catch, by Jove!" "Well done, Mr. Rousterby," "By gad, that saved us the match!" etc., greeted his ears, whilst Bellerby, taking him impressively by the arm, uttered the one word "Splendid!" and Ben's coolness vanished as though by magic.

"Yes—it *was* pretty tidy, wasn't it? But, bless ye, I *am*

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like that! Always rise to the occasion, ye know. I accidental—(cough) I mean I saw it comin' and I acciden—and I put up both hands to save my—no, no, I mean I—I——"

"You made the catch," said Bellerby, helping him out.

"Jus' so, jus' so; that's about the size of it," assented Mr. Rousterby. "And now, to celebrate my—our—glorious victory, I'm goin' to stand a dinner to the two elevens to-night at 'The Swan.' 'Let 'em all come' at seven sharp. And I'll just go down there now, and see what's the best the landlord can do for us. I guess this all-fired old village will have to wake up and hump itself, jest for once," he concluded, lapsing, as he frequently did, into "Yankeeism."

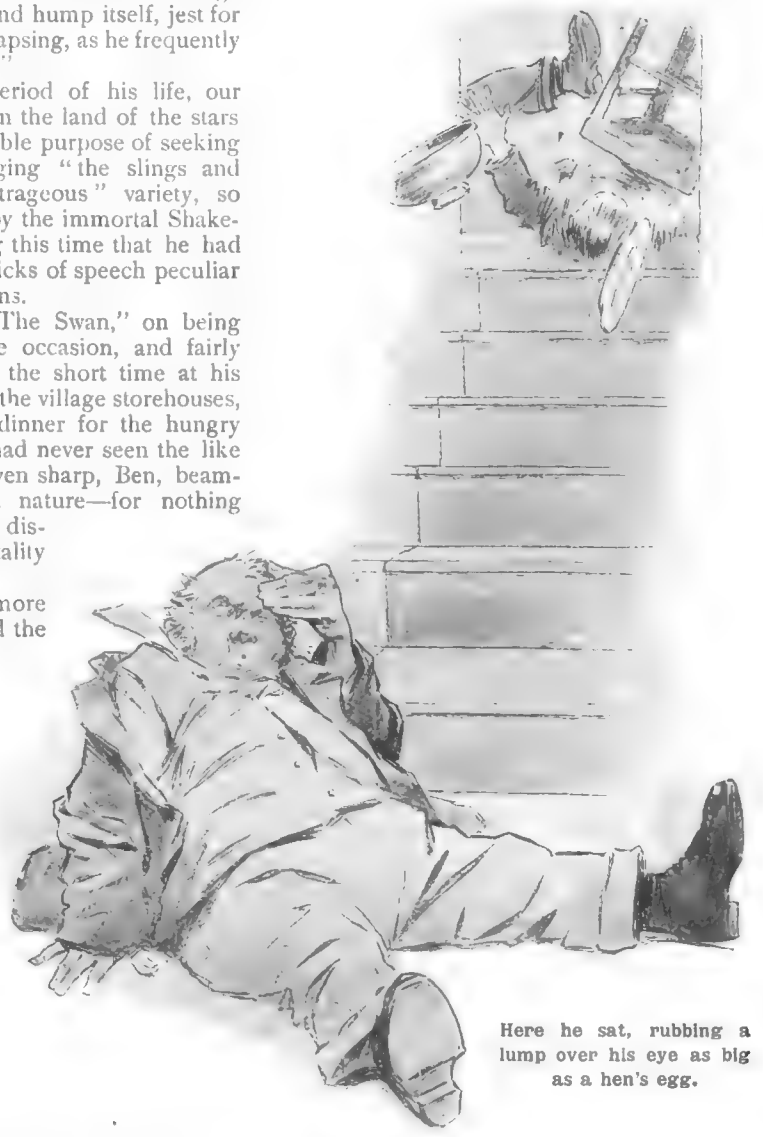
For, at a certain period of his life, our friend had to sojourn in the land of the stars and stripes for the double purpose of seeking his fortune and dodging "the slings and arrows" of the "outrageous" variety, so touchingly alluded to by the immortal Shakespeare. It was during this time that he had acquired some of the tricks of speech peculiar to our American cousins.

The landlord of "The Swan," on being appealed to, rose to the occasion, and fairly "spread himself." In the short time at his disposal, he ransacked the village storehouses, and produced such a dinner for the hungry cricketers as Clayton had never seen the like of before. And at seven sharp, Ben, beaming over with good nature—for nothing pleased him more than dispensing a lavish hospitality—took the chair.

Never was there a more cheery meal eaten, and the champagne flowed like water. Everyone was in the best of spirits—even the losers of the match soon became infected with the air of good fellowship when they looked upon Ben's genial face. The appalling fluke by which Mr. Rousterby had made his sensational catch, and thus turned their almost assured victory into defeat, faded from their minds, and their one thought was to enjoy themselves to the full.

When, at the close of the repast, cigars were handed round, Ben "rose upon his hind legs," amid an outburst of hearty applause. This was the first time in the history of the C.C.C. that anyone had ever "stood it" a dinner.

"Gentlemen all," said their host, sticking his thumbs in his pockets, "nothin' could give me more real pleasure than to see all of ye here on this most suspicious" (he meant auspicious) "occasion. Now I s'pose that



Here he sat, rubbing a lump over his eye as big as a hen's egg.

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most of us have heard of a Mr. William Shakespeare? You have? I thought so. He was a con-spicuous cuss in the littry world in his lifetime. He's dead now; been dead some consid'able time.

"Well, the late Shakespeare in one of his plays says—or rayther, he makes Malvolio say—that 'Some are born to greatness; some have greatness thrust upon 'em.' Gentlemen, William was dead right, every time! He just accurately sized me up when he wrote that line! My name's not Malvolio; it's Ben Rousterby—and I, gentlemen, have had greatness thrust upon me to-day!" (Applause.)

"But for me, I allow, we shouldn't have won our match!" (Hear, hear.) "But for me your las' wicket wouldn't have amounted to shucks! But for me that great catch at long leg would ha' been missed! And if it had been missed the Rudberry boys would 'a' won!" (Applause.) "And if they'd 'a' won, we—er—we—er—should 'a' lost! That's as easy to see as possible—easy as fallin' off a log! Now, I should be the last man in the world to over-value my own services, but I must say—as no one has said it for me!"—(laughter)—"that without your Benjamin to-day—well, what price the Clayton Cricket Club?" (Renewed laughter.)

"Yes," went on Mr. Rousterby, warming to his subject until he saw himself and all his thoughts, words, and acts through the medium of rose-tinted glasses, "when I saw everythin' goin' against us—when I found we were nearly all out for the paltry score of sixty-four, what did I do? Did I funk it?" (No, no.)

"Guess you're dead right in saying 'No,' gentlemen. I did *not* funk it. I says to myself, 'Ben, my boy, they want runs; you must go in an' make 'em! And I did it!" (Cheers.) "An' when Rudberry was in, and on the point o' gettin' the number they required to beat us, did I funk it?" (No.) "No. I says, 'Ben, my boy, you must catch out that chap with the long legs and the red nose—the smith!" (At this terrific 'stretcher' the company fairly gasped.) "And I did it!"

The speaker made a slight pause in order to toss off half a glass of champagne. Then he resumed, and in reflective tones, said:

"I don't know that I ever saw a finer catch than that! On second thoughts, I'm sure I didn't. And now, gentlemen, I beg to thank you for the kind way in which you have proposed the toast of my health. My health, I am glad to say, is very robustious and good—good enough, at all events, to knock spots off the Rudberry Rovers!" (Applause from members of the C.C.C., and slight dissent from the Rovers.) "We're a precious sight too good for 'em." ("No, no!" from the Rovers.) "Oh yes we are," persevered Ben, quite oblivious of the storm he was raising, "they're all jolly good fellows" (immense cheering) "but they can't play cricket for nuts!"

And then the tempest burst. The whole of the Rovers rose *en masse*, volubly protesting against Ben's rash utterances. Some of them, including the brawny blacksmith, shook their fists in his face, others "booed" their disapproval, whilst two or three of the more militant even challenged the speaker to mortal combat.

The C.C.C. members supporting Ben "went for" the Rovers; the landlord and waiters, alarmed at the noise, rushed in, and in a few seconds there was a general *mêlée*. Crockery flew from one side of the room to the other, chairs were capsized, somebody's elbow was pushed through a window, and then our hero, somehow or other, got out of the room, slipped on the top of the stairs, and seated himself with awful violence upon the landing below.

Here he sat, rubbing a lump over his eye as big as a hen's egg, for a couple of minutes. As soon as he had gathered his wits together, he rushed up again undauntedly to renew the combat, but was met by a contingent of the C.C.C., who informed him that the fight was over.

Thereupon Ben insisted that they should return to the room and shake hands all round. He called on the landlord to bring a bowl of milk punch, and requisitioned the blacksmith to sing the solo part of "Auld Lang Syne," the whole strength of the company furnishing the chorus. And then they one and all pledged Mr. Rousterby in steaming punch, and sang "For he's a jolly good felow," in many and various keys.

And Ben started off on his two-mile walk home, having thoroughly enjoyed his day and his evening.

His right eye was rapidly closing, but he winked solemnly with his left as he murmured:

"This *is* sport, and I don't know as I didn't enjoy the little 'scrap' at the finish every bit as much as the cricket itself!"

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No. XVIII.—BY ROYAL COMMAND.

A Description of the Sensations and Impressions of an Actor during a "Command Performance."

By Raymond Blathwayt.

Greatly as the honour which it carries is coveted by the actor-manager, a "command performance" before the Court is no light thing to undertake. A thousand and one anxieties and worries attend it, and from the moment when intimation of the Royal wish is first received at the theatre until the curtain has fallen for the last time and the great event is over, there is scarce a moment's rest for all concerned, from the manager himself down to the least important of the stage hands employed behind the scenes. There is the special company of players to be engaged, and the countless rehearsals necessary to tune them up to concert pitch; the scenery, the stage carpentry, and the lighting arrangements; the transport of baggage and "properties" innumerable; literally, there is no end to the matters which claim attention and consideration. And in each perfection must be attained, for a bungle in the smallest detail will involve loss of time, loss of temper, and—most important of all—loss of prestige.

The uninitiated, indeed, can have no idea of the immense labour which the preparation for a command performance entails. Take, for example, that given recently by Mr. Beerbohm Tree before the Court at Windsor, on the occasion of the visit to this country of the King and Queen of Portugal. Naturally, the person upon whom falls the principal burden of the preliminary arrangements is the stage manager, and Mr. Cecil King, who so ably fills that post at His Majesty's Theatre, and who is said to be the youngest stage-manager in London, found it necessary to make several journeys to Windsor Castle before all was ready for the eventful evening.

First of all, it was necessary to make a careful survey of the stage. Command performances at Windsor Castle take place in the historic Waterloo Chamber, where a small and charmingly decorated stage is fitted up. Careful measurements were taken under the supervision of the master carpenter, trial was made of the lighting arrangements, and a decision was arrived at as to how far it would be necessary to supplement the naturally somewhat scanty arrangements of the Castle. The stage being small, special scenery had to be painted, while the master-carpenter's staff were set to work upon a complete set of stage furniture on a miniature scale, proportionate to the reduction in size of the general "setting."

Two or three days before the date of the performance, the scenery and properties are sent down to Windsor by road. The stage manager and his staff attend at the Castle to see that all is carefully pieced together and in its proper place, and, early in the afternoon of the great day, the company travels down by train, and is taken in Royal carriages to the Castle.

Very laughable are some of the make-shifts which supply the place of an ordinary theatre's equipment on these occasions, and incongruous in the extreme are some of the spectacles which the Waterloo Chamber witnesses. With the aid of curtains, big screens, and other devices, temporary dressing-rooms have been rigged up for the principal members of the company. I find myself, for the first and only time in my life, "making up" beneath a dignified statue of royalty, of which the pedestal serves to prop a looking-glass. Over the top of the screen, as I don my stage attire, the painted effigy of a great statesman peers

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In the front row sit Their Majesties, the two Queens together in the centre, on either side of them the two Sovereigns.

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curiously at me from a priceless canvas. Dressers and wardrobe-keepers hurry to and fro, while, presently, the chamber and the adjacent corridors are thronged with a very motley press, players in strange and varied garb mingling with powdered footmen in crimson livery, and gold-embroidered ambassadors and world-famed statesmen in the familiar Windsor uniform. But everyone is full of good humour, and the hours of preparation speed merrily by.

The rehearsal finished and dinner over, back again we go to the stage, in order to add the last finishing touches and await the rising of the curtain. Meanwhile, the chamber is filled by the invited guests, who arrive early and take their seats in readiness for the coming of the Court. A gallant assembly of fair women and brave men they seem, as I peep through a spy-hole in the proscenium and view the auditorium from the wings. Overhead are balconies, in which sit the Royal Household. In all, a large and splendid audience; and it needs only the presence of those exalted personages for whom the principal seats have been left vacant, for the show to begin.

It is nearly ten o'clock when a message reaches us that the long-expected moment is at hand. The curtain, of course, is down, and no one dare spy into the auditorium, for fear of detection. There is an expectant hush for a few moments; then, with a triumphant blare, the strains of the National Anthem fall crashing on our ears. Then a confused noise—the shuffling of feet—as the audience rises respectfully; and presently, as the music ceases, the clear tones of the King are audible. There is more subdued noise as the Court takes its place and the rest of the spectators resume their seats. Then follows a lull, the stage manager gets his cue, and in a moment the curtain rises upon the first act.

What a scene it is that meets the actor's eye! From his coign of vantage on the stage he surveys the whole splendour of the glittering Court of England. A brilliant scene, a stupendous scene—a scene of literally sparkling magnificence—monarchs, princes, and peers, with their consorts, arrayed in splendid apparel, the countless gems of great price flashing beneath the dazzling illumination.

In the front row sit Their Majesties, the two Queens together in the centre, on either side of them the two Sovereigns. The King of England is seated next to the Queen of Portugal, while King Carlos is at the side of Queen Alexandra. Diamonds and orders glitter upon them, and across King Edward's breast is the broad blue ribbon of the Garter. Close by are the Prince and Princess of Wales, with other members of the Royal Family, and just behind I catch a glimpse of the high officials of the State and Court. Behind, row upon row successively, is gathered the chivalry, the beauty, and the intellect of our storied Empire. A memorable scene!

To play before the Court! Some might think it embarrassing—a chilling experience. But once the curtain is up and the nervousness which the importance of the occasion engenders has been thereby dispelled, no actor could wish for more sympathetic hearers, though I am bound to own mine is a singularly thoughtful part, which I carry out in unbroken silence.

King Edward, it is easy to see, as I look towards where he sits in regal pomp, the gems of his orders glittering against the sombre black of his coat, is following with the keenest interest the action of the play and the fortunes of the characters. Now and again I hear his voice, as he calls the attention of the Queen of Portugal to some point that specially appeals to him. Queen Alexandra, again, notwithstanding she watched for a space, with the closest attention, the rehearsal in the afternoon, rarely takes her jewelled lorgnette from her eyes, and then only to exchange comments upon the spectacle with her kingly guest.

After all, Kings and Queens are but men and women, and when the drama of human nature is unfolded before their eyes, they must e'en laugh and weep with the rest of us. As I watch from my place on the stage, during a brief period of respite, the silent audience before me, I think that never before have I realised the all-embracing power of the drama—true drama. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and from the monarchs upon their thrones to the humble domestics who line the galleries, not a soul but is thrilled and enthralled by the human passions and emotions kindled before their eyes on the little stage in Windsor Castle. Kings and Queens, Princes and Peers, Lords and Ladies, all are as one this night, welded together by the strong bond of Sympathy.

At length the curtain falls for the last time upon the play. Their Majesties rise, and, amidst profound obeisances, retire. Gradually the historic chamber is emptied as the Court passes to dignified revelry in the great Hall of St. George.

The "command performance" is at an end.

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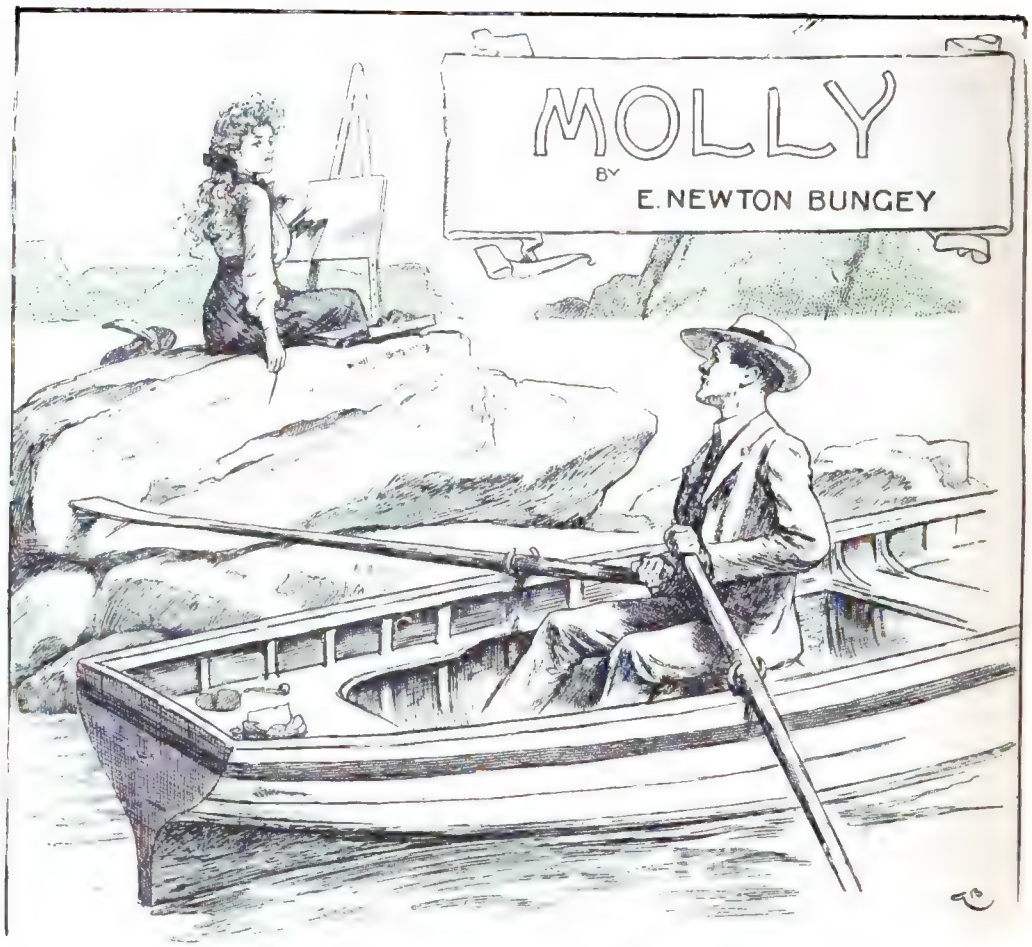

A Seaside Adventure in Two Parts.

PART I.—As Told by Molly.

"I do wish you'd wear your hair up, Molly, instead of having that ridiculous pigtail," said Edith.

"At the seaside one can do as one likes," I retorted.

"But all the same, you must remember that you are nineteen years of age, and not fifteen as you look with your hair down and those absurd short skirts."

My sister Edith is three years older than I am, and since mother's death she has looked after the household. Of course, it is very good of her, but I often wish she would leave me alone at times, and not pay me quite so much attention.

We two girls and father were spending a holiday on the west coast of Cornwall. There were several other visitors staying in the village, and one in particular had excited my curiosity.

He was such a nice-looking man, and so strong. But he never seemed to take any notice of me, and evidently thought I was a little schoolgirl, I suppose. At any rate, plenty of men in London have told me that I am pretty, and I've already had four proposals.

By the way, although Edith calls me Molly sometimes, I think I ought to say that my real name is Evelyn Margaret Cardew. They used to call me Molly as a baby, and the name has stuck to me ever since, although they say I must be called Evelyn now. I like Molly so much better, though, for I think Evelyn sounds so stiff and proper—as though you ought to wear a high stiff neck band,

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and pull your hair right back from your forehead.

Now, when I am down by the sea for a holiday I like to be as free as possible. I take old clothes to wear, and short skirts, put my hair down, and think it is ever so jolly. Edith, wears all sorts of confections (I think that is the word) and looks as though she grew with her clothes on.

St. Trews, where we were staying, is a lovely old place. It is really a fishing village, but people go there to stay. To see its quaint old red-tiled roofs against the dark red cliffs with patches of green on them, to see it in the light of the setting sun, is simply a dream.

I don't think I ever enjoyed a holiday so much, although Edith didn't care much about it. She wants a dressy place, like Scarborough or Eastbourne, places where you change your clothes about four times a day, just to let people see how many nice things you have got.

But it was this man visitor at St. Trews that worried me. I couldn't help getting interested in him, although I used to hate myself for it. He was an artist, and I do a little that way myself, so I let that excuse my interest. Then I got to know him in such a romantic manner, just as I've read of in the *Family Banner*.

About a mile away from St. Trews there is a big, flat rock, which is only visible at low tide. Behind it there is just about some charming cliff scenery. So, one morning, I took my painting things, and climbed on to the rock. Then I set to work to paint the cliffs—of course, I mean to paint them on my canvas. I must have been at work some time when I was roused by the sound of a man's voice close by me.

"Can you swim?" it asked. Then I saw the artist man sitting in a boat under the edge of the rock, and there was water all the way round me.

"Oh!" I gasped, for I was so surprised.

"I suppose that means no," he said coolly. "Well, then, I must take you off in my boat."

There was no other way out of it, so I had to acquiesce.

"But how can I get into your boat?" I asked presently, for the rock is rather high and it was a great trouble to climb it. I certainly did not intend to scramble down with a man looking on.

"You must wait until the tide brings me up nearer to you, if you would rather not jump," he replied.

"Thank you, Mr. ——er——," I said as sweetly as I could, for I wanted to know his name.

"Latham, my name is," he replied, and then the wretch had the impudence to add, "and yours is Molly, isn't it? I have often heard your sister calling to you."

I went hot and cold all over, for he must have seen me paddling. Then I began to think of my hair and my short skirts. I grew so angry that I am sure I went quite scarlet with vexation.

"It will be quite another half-hour before I am level with you, Molly," he said next, using my Christian name without the slightest hesitation, "so you can go on with your painting if you like,"

For barefaced impudence I had never come across the man's equal. He thought I was a little schoolgirl, I could see. Oh! what could I do to snub him?

"Do you go to theatres much?" I said presently, after he had told me that he lived in London.

"Sometimes," he responded, and then I felt my chance had come.

"I have never seen you at any," I said loftily.

"How queer," he said, with a smile. "I suppose you like pantomimes best?"

Ugh! I could have killed him, the brute. But when he began to criticise my painting, my indignation scarcely knew bounds.

"You've got far too much bice green on there," he said.

"Have I?" I retorted sharply. "Then it will have some more on." And with a quick movement I threw the canvas into the sea. But all the man did was to smile and say, "Silly little Molly."

I sat silent for the rest of the time, looking as dignified as possible, but it is very hard to look dignified in short skirts and hair all over your face and neck. Besides, I could feel he was laughing at me all the time.

"I can take you off now, Molly," he said presently.

"Who told you to call me Molly?" I asked angrily. "My name is Cardew, Miss Cardew."

But he only smiled the more, and held out his arms, saying:

"If you lean forward I can catch you."

There was no help for it. I threw my belongings into the boat, and in a moment I was in his arms. It was a queer sensation. But I didn't mind it at all. He seemed so big and strong, and lifted me as though I weighed nine pounds instead of nearly nine stone.

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"Thank you," I murmured, for I began to feel sorry for having been so cross.

"There's some fruit by you, Miss Cardew," he said, but it didn't sound half so nice as when he called me Molly. "I wish you'd have some. I'm a great lover of fruit, and always lay in a large stock."

We got quite chatty over some delicious greengages, and when we landed I asked him to call and let papa thank him for his timely help. He promised to come up in the evening.

Of course, when I got home and told my story they blamed me for being careless, at least, Ethel did. Papa doesn't let much worry him; he only wants to be left alone with his old butterflies and he is as happy as possible.

Well, Mr. Latham came along during the evening. Edith put on her awfully grand air and talked about Turner, and Joshua somebody, and Wagner, and all sorts of people, but I could see she didn't interest him half as much as I did.

When papa understood Mr. Latham was not a ——, I forget the name, but it means a butterfly collector, he left us very much to our own devices. I enjoyed the evening no end, and promised to go out in Mr. Latham's boat next day.

It was just my luck that this should have happened two days before we were starting back for home, but I made Mr. Latham promise to call on us when he is in London. His other name is Charlie; I think it is a sweet name.

PART II.

As Told by Charles Latham, Esq.

It is actually two months ago that I was in Cornwall, and I've been half over Europe since. Now I'm back in London again with all the winter before me.

Let me see, one of the first things I had better do would be to call on Mr. Cardew. I suppose they meant the invitation seriously when they gave it.

I shall be glad to see that dear little Molly again. I fancy I can see her round smiling face now. Those laughing blue eyes and rebellious wisps of hair. Ah! she will play havoc with men's hearts in a few years' time, I'll be bound.

Now why shouldn't I call this very afternoon? Where did I put that card? Ah, here it is; 23, Cumberland Gardens.

* * * * *

In half-an-hour's time I was strolling across the Park in the direction of Mr. Cardew's house. My card was taken up, and presently I followed it, and found myself in a large drawing-room wherein Mr. Cardew and a lady were seated.

Mr. Cardew greeted me profusely, and then I turned to his companion. At once I saw this was another daughter, but how strangely like Molly she was, only much prettier and several years older. She had just those laughing blue eyes, and was exactly as I should picture Molly in two or three years' time. While I was waiting in hesitation, Mr. Cardew broke in:

"Of course you know my daughter Evelyn?"

I shook hands at once, for I saw that the old gentleman had mixed things up, and thought I had met Evelyn in Cornwall as well as his other two daughters.

We had hardly been seated a few minutes, before a message came for Mr. Cardew to go out. He apologised very much, and then left Evelyn and me to ourselves.

"I suppose your sisters are still away?" I said, somewhat in a hole for conversational topics.

"My sisters?" she queried in somewhat surprised tones.

"Yes, Miss Edith and Miss Molly," I went on.

She gazed at me in a most peculiar way until I felt I must have said something absurd, but then her face suddenly brightened and she replied:

"Of course, how silly I am! Molly was down at St. Trews too. It was you who helped her when she was stranded, wasn't it?"

"Edith is in Naples," she went on, and then the conversation turned to continental travel.

I got on swimmingly with this new sister, and voted her quite the best of the three. She combined all Edith's grace with Molly's vivacity and charm. At the same time she lacked Edith's stiffness and Molly's rather tomboyish ways.

I sat looking at her without her knowledge, and at times she bore a most remarkable resemblance to her younger sister, and then in a trice my thoughts ran down to Cornwall. It did not seem to come as anything but a matter of course, therefore, when Evelyn suddenly commenced to speak of Molly.

"How did you like Molly?" she said.

"Very much indeed," I replied, and then added: "I think, had we been longer

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there together, we should have been the best of chums."

"But she is only a little girl," said Evelyn with a delightful smile.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but little girls are very nice: they are so naïve and say such funny things."

A flood of colour spread over my companion's face, for which I could see no reason.

"When will she be coming back?" I asked, after a little silence.

"Neither she nor Edith will be home for a long while," Evelyn replied, and then, all in a breath, she explained her flood of colour.

"I hope Molly didn't say many dreadful things," she murmured.

"Why, of course, she did not," I cried. "But then, if she had, one does not take a lot of note of what small girls say."

Somehow that did not seem to please my companion, and for a little while she seemed rather reserved, but soon she was her charming self again.

I was sorry when the time came round for me to declare my innings closed, but I left Cumberland Gardens with a very cordial invitation to pay another visit.

As a matter of fact, my next two visits were made on "At Home" days, but the fourth time I was lucky enough to be the only visitor. I was shown into the drawing-room, the servant telling me that Miss Cardew would be down in a moment. I sat there pondering, my thoughts running down to Cornwall and Molly, when a voice suddenly broke in on my thoughts.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Latham."

"Molly!" I cried, turning round in haste. But to my surprise I only saw Evelyn's laughing face.

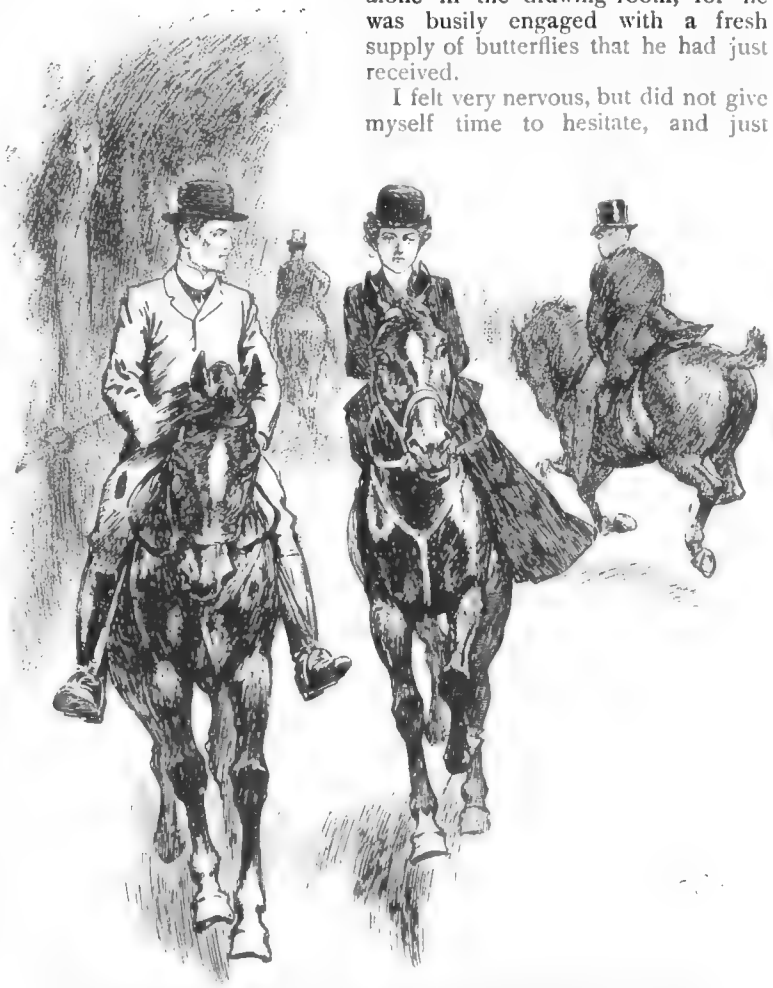
"How near your voice is like your sister's," I said as I took her hand.

After this visit, I went out several times on horseback with Evelyn, and on a few occasions took her to the theatre. I occasionally heard of Edith's travels, but never a word of Molly unless I asked some direct question, and then the reply often seemed somewhat wandering.

Rapidly I was falling head over heels in love with Eveyln, and soon I grew to believe that she reciprocated my feeling; so I resolved to put it to the test.

I stayed to dinner at the Cardews' that night. Mr. Cardew left Evelyn and me alone in the drawing-room, for he was busily engaged with a fresh supply of butterflies that he had just received.

I felt very nervous, but did not give myself time to hesitate, and just



After this visit, I went out several times on horseback with Evelyn.

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"Molly?" I cried, "but what has she to do with us?"

caught Evelyn's hand as she stood looking at some music, whilst I told her that I loved her.

Her laughing blue eyes assumed an expression such as I had never before seen in them, and a rosy flush suffused her countenance. I felt the hand I held tighten on mine, and then she turned to me saying:

"What about Molly?"

"Molly?" I cried, "but what has she to do with us?"

"She has much to do with you," Evelyn replied. "She has long looked upon you as her own special property."

"Me?" was all I could gasp out, so bewildered was I.

"Yes, you know she says you saved her life, and she cannot forget that."

"But I love you, Evelyn," I cried, attempting to draw her nearer to me. "It want you, no Molly."

"Wait," she murmured, deftly releasing herself, "I will show you something." In a moment she was gone from the room, and I was alone.

Bewildered by this sudden turn of affairs, I tried in vain to find some plausible explanation for Evelyn's sudden disappearance. Unable to control my anxiety, I paced up and down the room in a fever of impatience. Then an idea occurred to me.

"Some of Molly's letters," I groaned aloud. "Surely Evelyn will not let her come between us."

I waited, I suppose, five minutes before I heard the door open.

I turned to greet Evelyn. But, Great Heavens! this is not Evelyn. It is Molly; Molly with her blue shining eyes, and wavy hair. She came tripping over the carpet, whilst I gasped out her name.

"At your service, sir," she replied with a curtsey.

"Evelyn!" I cried, for it was her voice.

She curtseyed again. Then I understood.

"And you have been both all the time," I muttered. "Yet the Molly I knew at St. Trews——"

"Was Molly on a holiday," she broke in. "Molly here is Miss Evelyn."

I still stared at her in amazement, till she came to me, and put her hands on my shoulders.

"Can't you care for Molly, too?" she whispered.

And then I drew her to me.

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Real Life Romances.

Contributions to These Pages will Always be Welcome.

The Cuckoo's Cry.

A BURGLARY ROMANCE.

"UNDOUBTEDLY the act of burglars." So thought the Duc de Bellune one day last June, when his watch-dog was found stretched dead before its kennel.

A few days later the motor-house at Passy—where the Duke's mansion lies—was entered by thieves, and everything that possibly could be moved taken.

That night a nervous party sat down to dinner. The Duchess dared not leave the room without an escort, so terrified was she at the thought of burglars. Even the Duke sat later than was his wont, discussing the affair with Baron de Gedalia, his secretary.

"I have armed all the servants," he informed his secretary. "The thieves will have a warm reception if they venture here again."

An alarmed summons from the Duchess hastened the Duke to retire, and the two men left the room.

Unable to sleep because of the excitement, the Baron sat reading in his bedroom. The night was warm, with scarcely a breath of wind to disturb the trees, and his window was thrown open wide.

A sound fell on his ears. He listened intently.

"Cuc-koo! cuc-koo!" it rang with weird persistency.

The regularity of the call puzzled him. He aroused the servants, and at once began a systematic search of the house.

In a pantry they discovered that a window had been broken, and the moonlight, streaming through, revealed that the place had been ransacked. But no trace of the thieves themselves could be seen.

Therewith the Baron determined to carry the search into the grounds surrounding the house. Once outside, the bird's cry again rang in his ears.

From place to place it led them—to the stables, then to the coach-house, thence down to the motor-sheds. At last the searchers entered the conservatory.

"Cuc-koo! cuc-koo!" rang out loud and clear, mingled with the whirr of clock-work.

Advancing cautiously, the Baron stumbled against a dark heap lying on the tiled floor. He called for a light.

Then he discovered that the heap consisted of a great collection of silver spoons, cruets, cut-glass decanters, old and valuable paintings—in fact, the greater part of the booty that the burglars had stolen from the mansion.

Hastening to find the cause of the cuckoo's call, the Baron noticed, amongst other things, that the thieves had taken a handsome clock. From this a little painted cuckoo still called loudly. In their hurry the thieves had by some means deranged the works, and hearing the unexpected cry, they had become alarmed, and taken to flight.

Although the faithful cuckoo-clock had so gallantly undertaken the duties of the dead watch-dog, the Duchesse de Bellune decided that it was no longer safe to remain in her beautiful home, and some days later, left for Paris.

Advancing cautiously, the Baron stumbled against a dark heap lying on the tiled floor.

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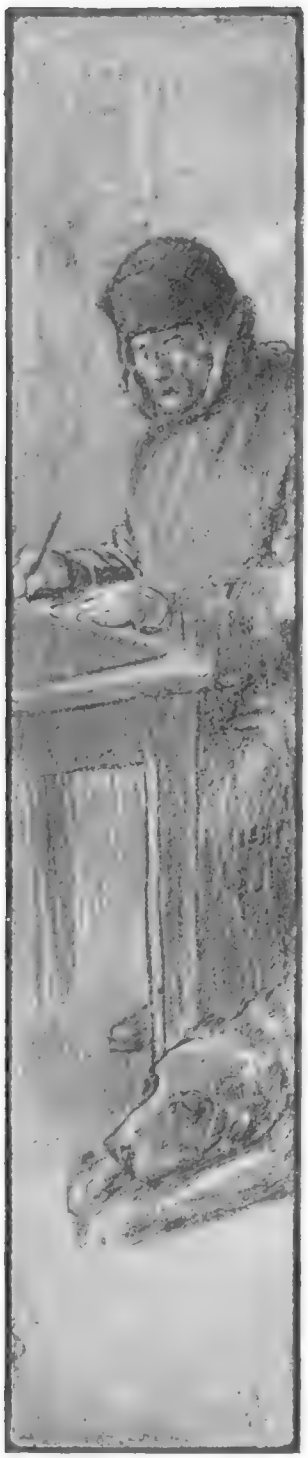

Not five yards before him he saw, seated at a desk, the figure of a man.

Made Blind by Snow.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

A FIERCE, icy wind roared through the forest. Around the snow lay many inches thick. Night was fast falling, but in the forest four lumbermen still worked.

Presently one of them paused, and pressed his hand to his eyes. Then a cry of dismay fell from his lips, and he called out in a voice full of terror: "I cannot see."

Immediately the men ceased their work, and pressed anxiously around their comrade. A feeling of horror oppressed them. For all had heard of the sudden blindness brought on by the dazzling whiteness of the snow.

Placing the sightless man between them they set out for their homes. They had not proceeded far before another was struck down with blindness.

Still they plunged on, hoping that the snow would spare at least one of them to guide them on their way.

Then blindness took the third. And then the last man fell.

Lost in the forest, unable to see an inch before them, and a freezing wind biting their limbs, the men realised that a horrible death hung over them.

Hope had died within them when one of them discovered a box of matches. With this he kindled a piece of bark, and a ruddy glare lit up the trees. After a while, they felt their sight return. They realised that they had wandered far from the track. Before them a hut loomed black against the snow. To this they rushed, thankful to find a place wherein to pass the night.

Inside, a fire was kindled, and soon a cheerful blaze lit up the hut.

As they unthawed their frozen fingers, one of the men glanced curiously round the cabin. Suddenly a look of horror filled his face. He pointed frantically, unable to utter a word. Not five yards before him he saw, seated at a desk, the figure of a man. Something in the stranger's attitude told him that he was dead. And on the floor lay a handsome hound, curled up as if in sleep.

With a feeling of awe the lumbermen rose to their feet and approached the silent figure. One glance at the set face, and the white hands still clutching a pencil stump, told them that they were looking on the dead.

Strewn on the desk were several American newspapers, and a piece of white bark lay under the dead man's hand. Observing some writing upon it, one of the men bent down, endeavouring to decipher the meaning. Instantly his face whitened, and a horror-stricken cry burst from him as he read, written a thousand times upon the wood, the one awful word—BLIND.

Then each man looked into the other's face, and each thought of the terrible hours that they had passed when blindness had overcome them in the forest. Here before them sat one who, overcome by the same fate, had slowly met his death in solitude, whilst his dog, rather than desert his master, had shared a similar fate.

* * * * *

Early next morning the four lumbermen left the hut. Scarcely had they started on their way, when a cloud of smoke was wafted over their heads. Turning, they saw that the hut was in flames.

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A Terrible Walk.

THE STORY OF AN ENGLISHMAN'S COOLNESS.

COOLNESS and presence of mind in time of imminent emergency are frequently of more value than the most up-to-date fire-arm.

This is shown in the following story of one, Captain Blackastone, who some years ago surveyed Yesso, the northernmost island of Japan.

Having advanced two hundred miles on foot, Captain Blackastone was proceeding over the snow some distance in advance of his Japanese following. He carried no weapon but a revolver of small calibre.

As he neared a thick bush, a fierce growl announced the presence of wild animals. An instant later two bear cubs, almost full grown, sprang from the bush and advanced gambolling towards him.

Blackastone stood motionless. Instinctively his hand crept to his revolver. But thought held him back. Those cubs would not be unguarded. An ominous crackling in the bush, and the apparition of an enormous she bear, warned him that his surmise was correct.

A thought came to Blackastone. He bent down, and with fierce energy began to mould the hard snow in his hands.

Never had man made snowballs for such a purpose, and never had he to fashion them from more solid snow.

Collecting half-a-dozen in his arms, he hurled them at the cubs, shouting at the time with all his power. One more successful shot struck the foremost cub on the nose. It turned and ambled frightened back to the bush.

The other followed.

For the time being, Blackastone felt that the danger had lessened. Before him he could see the bush quivering, and hear the twigs snapping as the bears moved stealthily within.

He drew a breath, and with firm steps walked past the bush. What thoughts then were his no one can describe—not even the hero of the incident. One thought, however, dominated all: he must hold his nerve. Failing that, he was lost.

Having passed fifty yards unharmed, Blackastone began to breathe more freely. But only for a moment. On a rock, a short distance ahead, he saw another bear. His heart stood still, but to hesitate, he knew, meant death. So, with hands clenched, he walked fearlessly past the savage brute.

The distance widened. He wondered whether the bear was following. He knew its tread was noiseless, even on the crisp snow. A mile of interminable whiteness passed, then two. Each moment the Captain expected to feel the bear's claws tearing into his back, and when the moment passed he wondered that he lived.

At last to his joy he saw a hut. A great tiredness overwhelmed him. He felt that he must drop in his tracks and sleep. But with a despairing effort, still keeping the same measured tread, he reached the hut.

* * * * *

Next morning Captain Blackastone discovered that not one bear had followed him in his terrible walk, but four. Almost to the very door of the hut their marks showed plainly, those of two full grown bears, and a couple of cubs.

One more successful shot struck the foremost cub on the nose.

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Dragged to Sea.

A BATHING ADVENTURE.

THIS happened in the United States one fiercely hot day when the sun poured down, baking the yellow sands of Sarosta, and changing the oily waters of the Pacific into a silver sheet.

On such a day one would scarcely have looked for adventure, much less a near escape from death. And such a thought was very far from the mind of a certain young Englishman when he left his hotel to bathe.

Having hired a small boat, that, ordinarily used in ray fishing, was fitted with a harpoon and rope attachment, he pulled out to sea.

While undressing, a sudden rippling near the boat caused him to pause. The ripples became more pronounced. They quickly grew into splashes, and the splashes into great flat-bodied fish with hideous heads—rays, or, as they are commonly called, "devil-fish."

The sight of the harpoon lying at the bow of the boat gave the Englishman an idea. There and then he determined to forego swimming for the more exciting sport so unexpectedly afforded.

A minute later, harpoon in hand, he was awaiting an opportunity to strike the hideous monsters. It came speedily. A huge, flat body, with great goggle eyes, moved slowly past, a foot below the surface.

Poising the harpoon above his head, he hurled it with all his might, and watched it bury itself deep in the fish's back. Instantly the sea became dyed with blood, and about the boat the water was dashed into a seething spray. Then the sea calmed, and the rope at the bows uncoiled at furious speed.

Poising the harpoon above his head, he hurled it with all his might.

The ray was heading out to sea.

With a jerk the boat shot forward. Imagining the devil-fish would soon expend its strength, the young Englishman clung to the tiller endeavouring his utmost to steady the boat.

He determined to cut the rope. Then, to his horror, he discovered that his knife was missing.

A great fear now came on him. With a feeling of utter helplessness he watched another mile flash past in white foam. Far from declining, the strength of the devil-fish seemed to be increasing.

He blamed himself for so recklessly attacking a fish, of whose strength he knew nothing.

Then a dim hope arose within him. He crept to the bow, and began to gnaw the rope. For a while his teeth made little impression. The rope, loosening and tightening with spasmodic jerks as the fish varied its speed, cut his mouth.

But succeed he must!

This thought stifled the pain. The first strand gave. Its fibre choked him, and the taste of brine and tar sickened him.

The second strand gave, the third followed, and then the fourth. One only remained. With a sharp snap it parted under the straining fish. And, pained and bleeding, the Englishman saw the shredded end vanish into the sea.

It will be many days before the Englishman forgets his terrible row back to the shore in the fierce glare of the Pacific sun.

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In Quest of a Wife.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A FORTUNE HUNTER.

NO names can be given, for those concerned in this story are still living.

Some years ago there resided in Liverpool a certain young man.

His father said to him one day:

"George, why don't you marry? Marriage has been the making of some men. It made me. Your mother had a very convenient little fortune. Just you follow your dad, my boy, and you will succeed."

George promised to do his best; and henceforth his one ambition in life was to discover a charming girl, possessed of a fortune equally charming.

At last there came a day when fortune favoured him. It was a winter's afternoon, and the waters in the park were covered with a thick sheet of ice.

Among the skaters George quickly singled out one girl. She was fair, wore a charming close-fitting costume, and skated divinely. At least so thought George, and wondered who she could be.

Once one of the straps of her skates became loose. George was at her side in a minute, offering assistance in his politest tones. But the girl declined, and he disconsolately watched her glide swiftly away.

At last, however, a chance offered itself, and in a most unlooked-for fashion, too. The ice gave way, and, to George's inexpressible joy, it broke immediately under the girl.

Here was an opportunity! He would save her life. She would look upon him as a hero no matter though the water were but five feet deep.

"Hold on," he cried, "I am coming."

"Hold on," he cried, "I am coming," and George plunged into the icy lake. The water felt frightfully cold, but the girl's grateful smile as he gathered her in his arms and gallantly made his way to the shore amply compensated him for the discomfiting temperature.

George wondered whether she would faint. But she did nothing so commonplace.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "Thank you very much. I don't know what I should have done without you." And with that she kicked off her skates, and hastily stepped into a carriage, and was gone. But not before George, at the expense of half-a-crown, had elicited her address from the stately, cockaded coachman on the box.

The next day a very nervous George knocked timidly at the door. "Er—er—is Miss L—— in?" he inquired of the maid diffidently.

The servant led him into a luxuriously furnished room.

"Wealth," thought George with satisfaction.

Presently he heard footsteps. She was coming!

An elderly lady entered.

"Her mother," George reflected.

"Er—I had—er—the honour of—er—saving—assisting your daughter from the ice yesterday," he said modestly. "Yes," she answered smiling, "I have heard all about it. It was very noble and brave of you"—George raised a deprecating smile—"But," added the lady, "I fear you are under a misapprehension. I have no daughter. It was my chambermaid that you saved."

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A CORNER IN HAIR.

The Story of a Hoax.

By Bissel Brice.

Edward Morse had a very heavy head of hair and a light purse. Thomas Kelly had an active brain and a comatose conscience. The *habitués* of the Lingard Hotel had a superfluity of money and a scarcity of judgment—hence this story.

Mr. Morse had been endeavouring for some weeks to devise a plan for retaining the cash and goodwill of a number of creditors who were wasting a lot of good stamps and bad language, when his friend Kelly had appeared from a mysterious somewhere, as he always did, with a brand new scheme. Kelly's schemes were usually hare-brained, but this time it was hair restorer.

"Eddie," he said, tapping his friend on the top button of his waistcoat as they sat in the latter's room, "I've a fresh-laundried idea, a new-laid scheme, and it's a world-beater. I have a friend who will furnish the finances, but we want another partner, so I looked you up. Do you want to wallow in coin?"

Edward evinced wallowing tendencies, and inquired:

"What's the game?"

"Hair restorer," was the disappointing response.

"Will it restore?" inquired Morse, with a suspicious grin.

"You bet it will. It will restore prosperity to you and me to the extent of about a thousand apiece inside of a month."

"That sounds good," said Morse, "but what do you make it of; what is the formula?"

"Formula?" Mr. Kelly's train of thought had evidently been interrupted. "Why—er—I haven't thought of that; water, bay rum, anything will do."

Mr. Kelly . . . unfolded a plan which caused his listener to frown, smile, and chuckle in rapid succession.

Mr. Kelly crossed his legs, and, closing one eye, continued:

"Ever been to Surfside?"

Mr. Morse confessed that he had not.

"Well, there is an hotel there called the Lingard Hotel, that is full of kings of fortune and legal pirates about this time of the year. It is a health resort for broken-down, high-priced nerves. Most of them are Stock Exchange men, who have the speculative habit so badly that they can't see a fly buzzing over the table without betting on where it will light."

"What do you want me to do?" inquired Mr. Morse.

"I want you to help sprinkle a little hair-restorer salt on the tail of some of that money. Live at the hotel for a month at our expense; have a good time; be a good fellow."

"That sounds nice," said Mr. Morse, "but what am I to do?"

"Do?" Mr. Kelly looked furtively about, leant forward, tapped his companion on the knee with his long forefinger, and, in a low voice, unfolded a plan which caused his listener to frown, smile, and chuckle in rapid succession.

"And now, Edward," concluded the man of hair-extract and mystery, as he laid two crisp new notes on the desk, "here are £20 for a starter. Buy yourself a twentieth century outfit of clothes. Invest in a safety razor; get busy with it, and then go down to the Lingard Hotel and glue yourself to some of those millionaires until I come down and soak you off with the hair restorer. Maybe some of the coin will come off with you."

* * * * *

A number of the guests of the Lingard Hotel

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were lolling about the verandah trying to remember to forget business, when a cab stopped at the door. A man alighted and ascended the steps. As he did so, he removed his hat and wiped the interior with his handkerchief, for it was a sultry day.

Some of those on the verandah could could scarcely repress a smile, for the head which he exposed to the blazing sun was wholly innocent of the slightest suggestion of hair, and it gleamed in the sunlight with a peculiar lustre.

The newcomer registered as Mr. F. A. Kerr, of Dover. He smoked good cigars, wore good clothes, was a judge of whiskey, could tell a good story; was an expert at billiards, and could play a good game of bridge. In fact, the hairless one proved to be diverting; a real "good fellow," and within a week had made himself quite popular.

A man alighted and . . . as he did so, he removed his hat and wiped the interior.

A week after Mr. Kerr had inserted himself into the good graces of the neurotic fugitives from business cares, two men were sitting on the verandah blowing odorous Havana-scented clouds into the summer air. One of them, a Mr. Montour, smiled languidly, while the other, an arrival of the day before, Mr. Cleve by name, talked enthusiastically.

"One might think you really meant that," said Mr. Montour.

"Mean it!" exclaimed Mr. Cleve, "of course I mean it! By the use of Walburn's Electrozonic Hair Restorer I can grow hair on the baldest head you ever saw inside of two weeks. I am no patent medicine fakir. I will stake my honour and reputation on what I say."

The man spoke loudly and enthusiastically, so that a couple of honest citizens, Fence and Sharp by name, who made their money not by "gambling," but by a businesslike foresight into the fluctuations of the value of stocks, could not but hear.

"Your honour and reputation," said Mr. Montour, with a cynical smile, "you will stake your honour and reputation. Well, here is a halfpenny. I will put it up against it. I am giving you dreadful odds, I suppose, but it is the smallest change I have."

Mr. Cleve, he of the magic hair restorer assumed an expression of one whose corns or finer feelings had been trodden upon.

"You are inclined to be facetious, but, since the things I mention seem to be of little consequence to you, I will make an offer that you may understand better. I will bet you a thousand pounds that within two weeks I can show you hair growing on the head of any man in this hotel."

Mr. Montour smiled.

"Will you stand by your bet on that head?" he asked, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to where Mr. Kerr sat like an animated letter V, with his feet on the rail, a cigar in his mouth, and his hat in his lap.

Mr. Cleve gazed wonderingly.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that does look like a tough proposition, but—ah, but I will stand by my bet as you call it. Will you take it? There is a cheque for a thousand I was taking down to the city. You can see that it is all right," and he passed over a strip of pink paper.

"Crazy," thought Mr. Montour, as he looked at the cheque, "some sharper has taken him in and sold him a fake formula. It is a good thing I ran across him. Some confidence man might have got hold of that thousand."

"I will take your bet," he said, as he passed back the cheque, "if Mr. Kerr will let you try on him, we will put the money up with the proprietor."

Mr. Kerr was incredulous. He didn't propose having some fool (he mentioned the particular brand) rubbing axle grease and

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tetanus into his brain. He had heard of hair restorers before. He had tried them. He had found them to be mostly varnish or furniture polish, that made him feel gummy and look foolish. He wasn't going to allow anyone to dye him up, and make his head look like an animated Easter egg.

When he was informed that this was no common thing, but an aristocratic hair producer, backed up with a thousand-pound certificate of character, why—then—of course, that was different; especially when Mr. Montour offered him two hundred pounds of his winnings in case the promised hair failed to appear.

The two repaired to the office, where Mr. Cleve deposited his thousand. Mr. Montour put up a hundred, and wired his bankers to send the proprietor the other nine.

Mr. Cleve drew up a paper reading thus:—

"Mr. Cleve bets Mr. Montour that, within two weeks from date, a vigorous crop of hair will be growing on the head of Mr. Kerr."

Three copies were made and signed by the parties, who each kept one, leaving the other with the proprietor.

Since the mention of the thousand pounds, Messrs. Sharp and Fence had developed an interest in this intruder into their exclusive domain that offset their recent aversion, and made them yearn for his acquaintance.

"To think of the luck of that man Montour," said Mr. Fence, as they walked away from the desk after the transaction had been closed. "Why, it is just like finding money."

Mr. Sharp's stubby fingers clutched at the air; but he said nothing.

Everyone cast hungry eyes after Mr. Cleve. He was like a packet of sweets in an orphan asylum.

Messrs. Sharp and Fence followed him.

"I say," said Mr. Sharp, approaching with spiderly interest, "you don't want to put up another thousand on that, do you?"

Mr. Cleve didn't care if he did; but he would have to wire for more money.

All right, Mr. Sharp would wire also.

Mr. Fence thought he would just send a little telegram himself, if Mr. Cleve was very agreeable, and if there were any other gentlemen in the company who felt in a pressing hurry for cash it would be well for them to get in touch with their bankers before three, for the polls would close at that time, and the magic hair restorer begin business that evening.

After the evening meal, Mr. Cleve repaired to the room of Mr. Kerr to administer the first application of hair inspirer. He bore a brown paper parcel containing a bottle. His new-made acquaintances smiled broadly, and winked knowingly as they saw him go.

The shades of evening had already fallen; so had those on the windows of Mr. Kerr's room. As Mr. Cleve entered, he closed and latched the door behind him. He unwrapped the bottle; drew it from a jacket of straw, and set it on the table. It bore a gilt cap, and on the label appeared the word champagne.

Having done this, he turned upon Mr. Kerr with a smile so broad that his face could not contain it, and it spread off a foot or so into space.

"Well, Edward?" said he, "how do you feel?"

The erstwhile Mr. Kerr passed his hand over his scalp with the air of one sorely afflicted.

"Feel," he muttered, as he hurled a safety razor into a corner, "I feel like a plucked goose. There is no joy running that galvanised hand plough over your roof every day. It's a tonsorial thumb-screw. Confound you! I thought you would never come. My scalp has got so tender that when a fly walks over it I can feel its toenails!"

"I fear you have not enjoyed yourself," said Mr. Kelly. "Don't you like it here?"

"It will do for a little while, but the society and food are too rich. They make me bilious."

Mr. "Cleve" picked up the razor, and restored it to Mr. "Kerr."

"You will have to keep it up a little longer, Edward," he said. It's worth it. I have four thousand up, and one of it will be yours. They will be on to our game if we let the hair grow too soon. I must treat you for a few days before we let it appear. Here, it is my treat now," and he drew the cork from a bottle of champagne and passed a glass to his friend.

"I use internal applications to stimulate the roots," he said, with a grin.

The solicitude and anxiety to know how Mr. Kerr felt which exhibited themselves in certain quarters during the next week were truly touching. For the first four or five days Mr. Kerr joined in the raillery and baiting of Mr. Cleve. Everybody in the hotel knew of the wager. The hair-restoring gentleman was considered the easiest thing in history, and Mr. Kerr's bald head assumed the prominence of a lighthouse. Men jabbed each other in the ribs, and inquired:

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"Have you used Walburn's hair restorer?" They perused the stock market reports, and said they were looking for quotations on hair.

As the days passed, and Mr. Kerr's phrenological knoll continued barren, Mr. Cleve was advised to try turfing.

One morning in the forepart of the second week, Mr. Fence approached Mr. Kerr, who was out in the verandah enjoying his morning cigar, and inquired, with a knowing wink and nod:

"Well, how is the hair business this morning? Any sensations of upheavals, or are the crop reports disappointing again?"

In view of the fact that Mr. Kerr was to receive a fifth of Mr. Montour's winnings, it was but natural that the face of the former should wear a worried look as he replied:

"It is strange, Mr. Fence, very strange, but for the past two days there has been a peculiar pricking sensation in my scalp, and — well, of course, it's all imagination; but — but I imagine I can feel a sort of stubble."

The solicitude and anxiety to know how Mr. Kerr felt, which exhibited themselves in certain quarters . . . were truly touching.

He took off his hat and passed his hand over his head.

"You feel," he said.

Mr. Fence felt, and a sickly expression came over his countenance. The sudden illness may have been due to undigested lobster—or hair. He opened his mouth as if to say something, gasped twice, and then closed it in silence. He cast a reproachful glance at the man who presumed to grow hair at his expense, and then hastened in search of Mr. Sharp. He found him in the reading-room behind a morning paper.

"Sharp," he said hurriedly, "I have just received word that I have to raise a thousand right off. The money I put up here was all the loose cash I have. I hate like the dickens to have to give up such a good thing—good as won—but when a man gets a call to make good on his margins he has to do it, you know. Now, I thought you might like to take my bet with Cleve. You and I have been good friends, and I wanted to give you the first chance at it. It is as good as giving you two for one."

Mr. Sharp lowered his paper and looked long at his friend. This sudden outburst of brotherly love was overwhelming. To his keen senses it looked suspicious to say the least of it. A great light flooded his benighted soul.

"Thanks," he said, "you are very kind; but I haven't any loose cash myself."

Mr. Fence turned two shades paler, for he loved his nice money; then he went out into the fresh air to exercise his brain.

Mr. Sharp sought Mr. Kerr to verify his suspicions.

"It is wonderful, wonderful!" said Mr. Kerr, "I never knew hair restorer to act this way before!"

Neither had Mr. Sharp.

The speculative gentlemen were sore, very sore. Black suspicion darkened their innocent souls. They imagined that in some way the hair market had been juggled. They would protest.

They could not believe that any hair restorer ever would or ever was expected to restore; it was preposterous! On looking up their memoranda of the bets, they were surprised to find that they contained no mention of hair restorer, but simply hair.

"They are sharks," said Mr. Fence.

"We are fools," said Mr. Sharp.

"Not so bad for ten days' shaving," said Morse, Kelly, & Co., as they got into a train, their pockets bulging with bank-notes.

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CAP AND BELLS

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

HARDUPPE: "Hello, old man! They say you lost a lot of money on the races."

PACER (displaying a roll of notes gleefully): "Ha! ha! That doesn't look like it, does it?"

HARDUPPE: "No. Lend me a tenner, will you?"

* * * * *

PAST AND PRESENT.

When *she* was a girl of eight,
And *I* was a boy of ten,
This was the manner, I grieve to state,
In which I addressed her then:
"*You* think you are pretty, I s'pose,
I think you're a perfect fright—
Just look at your mouth and your turned-up nose!
And carrotty hair I hate.
No, I *won't* allow you to fly my kite—
I'm ten and you're only eight."

How often have I, since then,
My conduct repented sore;
For what I scorned, as a boy of ten,
I *worship* at twenty-four!
Yet, her dainty retroussee nose,
And wonderful auburn hair,
Her exquisite mouth, like a budding rose,
Are the same she was wearing when
(So long ago, now, it seems) we were
Respectively eight and ten.

A. S. Harris.

* * * * *

"THERE is nothing so sweet as the sound of her voice," declared the young lover.

"She seems to think so," put in the jealous lady.

LIBERAL.

MRS. QUIVERFULL: "Tommy, did you give your little brother the best part of that apple, as I told you?"

TOMMY QUIVERFULL: "Yes, mother, I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em, an' have a whole orchard."

* * * * *

FLATTERY PAYS.

"YOU will become the wife of a famous man," says the fortune teller.

"But I don't want to be the wife of a notable, and be unheard of all the time for that reason."

"Ah, miss," explains the soothsayer, "your husband will be famous only because he has such a beautiful wife."

With a pretty smile of deprecation, the damsel inadvertently pays the fortune teller twice his usual fee.

* * * * *

YOU are wise if you can live within your income; you are fortunate indeed if you can live without it.

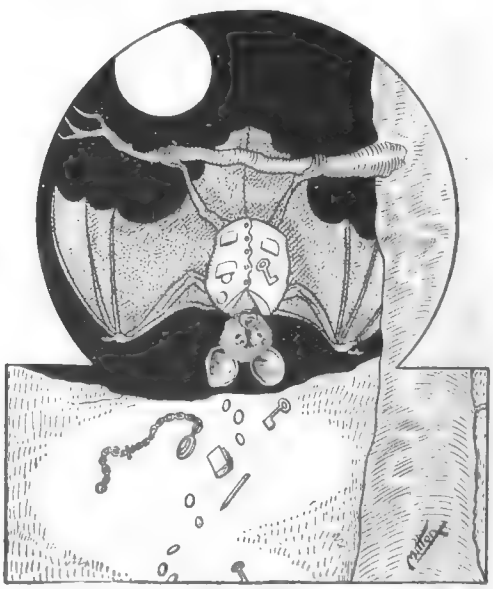
* * * * *

NO NEED TO SPEAK.

KATIE: "Tell me, Edith, what did you say when Charlie proposed?"

EDITH: "Oh, there was no occasion for me to say anything. Charley had said all that was necessary."

* * * * *



Mr. Bat: "I must really get my tailor to make my pockets more secure; I can't afford to lose things like this!"

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HAD HER MONEY'S WORTH.

Two stylishly-dressed ladies one Sunday morning were returning home from a church where the rector of a neighbouring parish had preached. One lady proceeded to criticise the sermon, remarking that she considered it deplorably weak.

But at this point her little boy, who happened to see his mother's contribution to the collection, chimed in with—

"But you can't expect much for a penny, mother."

* *

PRESENT DAY CHIVALRY.

THE petted young beauty in the carriage looked with dismay at the mud that lay between her and the side-walk.

"I think it was Sir Walter Raleigh," she said, "that threw his cloak upon the ground, on a certain memorable occasion, in order that his queen might not get her shoes muddy."

"You're my queen, all right," replied the young man by her side, "but if Sir Walter Raleigh had been a clerk on a salary of £3 a week, he would have done exactly what I'm going to do."

Whereupon he carried her to the side-walk—but he did it so nicely that she forgave him.

* * * * *

THERE is no easisr way in the world for one to lose a good name than to have it engraved on the handle of an umbrella.

"Why Susie, your donkey has only three legs."
Susie (snappishly): "Well, that's one more than some donkeys I know."

HER MIND WAS MADE UP.

"BUT you are too young," pleaded the anxious mother. "No girl should marry before her mind is fully formed."

"Oh," said the gladsome maiden of eighteen summers, "my mind has been made up for more than a week."

* *

A HINT.

HE: "When I hold your little hand I could almost—

SHE: "Well, if I gave you the other one too, do you think you could quite, George, dear?"

* *

CUTTING.

BELLE: "It must be an awful thing never to have had a chance to marry."

MISS PASSAY: "Yes, but not nearly so bad as to have had a chance and let it slip."

* *

NO ERROR.

THE talented young authoress was almost in tears.

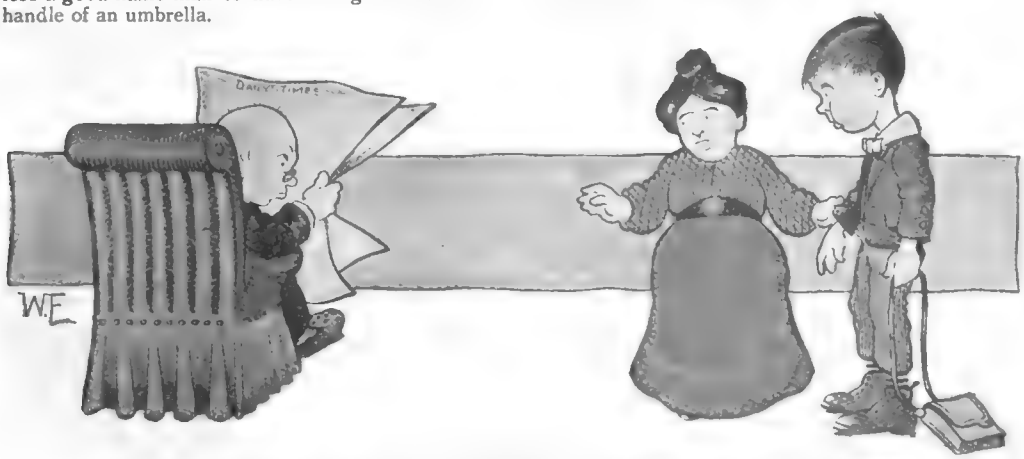
"In that review of my historical novel in this morning's paper," she said, "you made a typographical error, and called it a 'hysterical' novel."

"That wasn't a typographical error, madam," said the literary editor with the frosty eye.

* * * * *

"DID he actually dare to steal a kiss from you?"

"Yes; but I made him put it back."



Probably a man never feels so small as when his wife comes to him and says: "My dear, Johnny can't wear your cast-off clothes any more. They're too little for him."

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What The Suburban House Agent Said

(1) He said when we were househunting that fogs were unknown. Well the above is a pretty accurate picture of me groping my way to the station the other morning.

(2) He said the house was perfectly dry. Well, this is the sort of fungus which grows on my boots, if they are left for a day or two.

(3) He said, marketing was cheap. Well, I'm confident only a Millionaire could afford to buy at the local shops!

(4) And that rates and taxes were low. Well, I was just staggered when the first tax paper came in.

(5) And that the roads would be immediately made up. Well, I've been here ten months and they're just the same.

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(6) He said, there were lovely walks in the district. He did'nt say they all led past a Soap Factory.

(7) And that all the houses were thoroughly well built, I wish he had the job of opening and shutting the windows.

(8) And that it was a splendid train service. Well, it takes me just one hour and a half to get to the City.

(9) And yet in spite of all he has the effrontery to beam on me whenever I pass his shop.

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NO NEED TO SEPARATE.

"DID you hear that the Thomsons have separated?"

"No. What was the trouble?"

"He wanted her to move to their country place, and she wouldn't think of leaving town."

"And where are they now?"

"She has gone to her mother out on the farm, and he is living with his parents in town.

* *

UNRELIABLE EVIDENCE.

"HE kissed you. Don't attempt to deny it. I heard him."

"Oh, well, mamma, you mustn't believe everything you hear."

* * *

A SUBTLE HINT.

TENDERLY the backward lover takes the taper fingers of the coy damsel in his palm and murmurs:

"Ah, would this little hand were mine!"

After waiting several seconds for him to continue his remarks, the coy damsel sighs:

"Just that hand?"

"Yes," he vows, looking unutterable things into her eyes.

"But," she says, dropping her head, "if you had that hand both of us would have an odd set of them, wouldn't we? Why don't you ——"

And in another moment they are talking of whether they shall go to Bournemouth or on the Continent for the honeymoon!

* * *

OBEYED ORDERS.

MOTHER: "Tommy, you broke off a big piece of that cake, didn't you?"

TOMMY: "Did I?"

MOTHER: "You bad boy! You know you did. Didn't I tell you not to touch that cake?"

TOMMY: "No, ma. You told me not to cut it."

* * *

DIDN'T MIND THE WORLD.

SHE: "Because I cannot marry you, do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely."

HE: "It isn't a question of the world--I've got to face my creditors."

A MATTER OF TASTE
Ma said my dress was very good taste
And I've bitten a piece out to see.
But now I've spoiled my very best waist
And it tastes just as bad as can be!"

(1) How many men make up their minds to discharge the servant! (2) But as soon as they reach the kitchen door (3) they put on their hat and go for a walk?

A REGULAR "DEEP" JOKE.

Mr. Finny: "Those fellows fishing up yonder have been wanting a good catch all day; now I guess they've got one!"

THE HARDEST PART.

MAX: "Was it hard to tell Miss Prim you loved her?"

HERMAN: "Not very. The hard part came in a month later, when I had to tell her I had made a mistake."

* * *

THERE is a place for everything, but few people have access o the index.

* * *

HARD LINES.

A BOAT,	No boat.
A man,	No man.
A girl,	No girl.—
A squall.	That's all.

* *

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND.

FIRST, be careful in your selection. Do not choose one who is too young, and take only such varieties as have been reared in a good atmosphere. When once the selection has been made, let the past remain for ever settled, and give the entire thought to the future.

Some insist on keeping the husband in a pickle, while others prefer hot water. It does not seem to be generally known that even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender, and good by garnishing them with patience, smiles, and affection. They should then be wrapped in a mantle of charity, and kept warm with a steady fire of devotion. Thus treated, they will keep for years as when first selected. Sometimes they improve with age.

* * *

CONSIDERATE!

MISTRESS (reprovingly): "Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was twelve o'clock when you went to bed."

BRIDGET: "It was, ma'am. I knew you was awake, for I heard ye movin' about; an' I said to meself ye'd need sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturb ye wid an early breakfast, ma'am."

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IT HAD A NUMBER.

MR. NEWLYWED (in the kitchen): "What are you cooking there, my dear?"

MRS. NEWLYWED (excitedly): "Don't bother me now. There's the cookery book. I'm making recipe No. 187, on page 396.

* * * *

HARD, AFTER ALL.

"O, I don't know that she is so beautiful," said the first individual.

"Not beautiful? Has she not a marble brow, an ivory skin, and ruby lips? Not beau——"

"Conceding all that, am I not justified in asserting that she has a hard face?"

* * * *

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

"REALLY," said the X-ray operator to the surgeon, "there is only a grammatical distinction between our professions."

"Do you think so?" asked the surgeon.

"Certainly. I see bones and you saw bones."

* * * *

HIS SUMMER OUTING.

Views of seashore, field, and mountain,
Lure me like a beauteous dream;
Thoughts of ocean, lake, and fountain
Witch me with enticing gleam.
But I count my cash in pocket,
And my fancies I must guard;
For 'twill only buy a hammock
Just to swing in my back yard.

* * * *

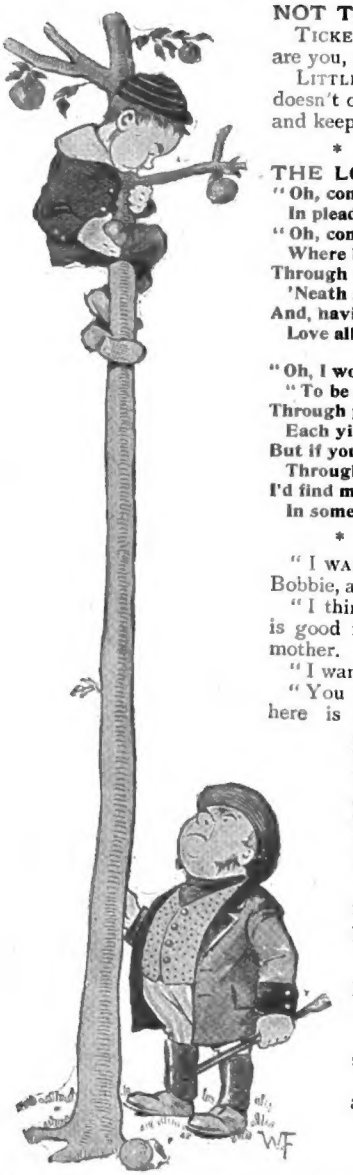
"GOO!"

No poet ever wrote for me
Such joy inspiring word.
No tongue has given rhapsody
Like that I just have heard.
Sanscrit, Hindoo, Latin, and Greek,
French and Italian, too,
Can never hope a tone to speak
To equal baby's "Goo!"

* * * *

"WHAT do you mean by writing 'Among the prettiest girls at the dance was Captain Andrews?' The Captain is a man."

"Yes, but he spent most of his time among the prettiest girls there."



Farmer Crosslots: "Now, see here, my son, if I ketch you stealin' apples from me again, I'll give you a wallopin'! Hain't you got no sense, robbin' your own father? If you needs apples, ain't there plenty o' neighbours 'round you can steal 'em from?"

NOT TELLING EVERYTHING.

TICKET COLLECTOR: "How old are you, little girl?"

LITTLE GIRL: "If the company doesn't object I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics."

* * * *

THE LOVER AND THE MAID

"Oh, come with me and be my love,"
In pleading tones he said:
"Oh, come with me and we will rove
Where birds sing overhead.
Through rosy ways we'll gladly fare,
'Neath skies of cloudless blue,
And, having bade adieu to care,
Love all the seasons through."

"Oh, I would gladly go," said she,
"To be your love, to stroll
Through paradise, you leading me,
Each yielding soul to soul.
But if your love I were, we'd stray
Through no such realm as that:
I'd find myself cooped up all day
In some cheap little flat."

* * * *

"I WANT some more chicken," said Bobbie, at the dinner table.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," said Bobbie's mother.

"I want more," said Bobbie.

"You can't have more now; but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longest end will have their wish come true. Why, Bobbie, you've got it. What was your wish?"

"I wished for some more chicken," said Bobbie promptly.

* * * *

DEPENDED ON THE KIND.

LITTLE HAROLD had been spelling out the war news.

"Pa," said he, "what is an engagement?"

"That depends my son," the father answered. "In a military sense it is a battle, but in the matrimonial sense it is only a preliminary skirmish.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

A LEARNED TRIO.

I WAS telling you last month about the various infant prodigies who send their sketches and literary efforts for my editorial consideration. Which reminds me that some time ago I received a letter from a gentleman who had once contributed to the ROYAL, saying that his three daughters showed abnormal literary and artistic talents. Would I be so gracious as to grant them an interview? If I fixed up an hour, he would do himself the honour of escorting them into my presence.

I consented with more alacrity than usual.

Papa gravely ushering his three talented daughters into my office tickled my sense of the quaint. In my mind I had anticipated three young ladies between the ages of seventeen and twenty. I was never more astonished than when the door opened and a very big fat man entered, preceding three very small maidens of, I should judge, ten, eleven, and twelve years of age respectively. Two of these children wore spectacles.

I never endured a funnier interview in my life; it was all I could do to keep from breaking down. Papa arranged his three hopefuls in front of me—I had provided chairs, but these were disdained—and made them go through their list of accomplishments.

"Anna, tell the Editor how long you took to do this sketch."

"How many stories did you write last year, Jane?"

"Mary, sir, takes really artistic photos. Show them to the Editor, my dear."

And the three prodigies went through the ordeal with an automatic precision irresistibly funny and strongly suggestive of many previous rehearsals. I did what I could. Their work was quite out of the way for children of their age. Discreetly I praised, discreetly I criticised, discreetly I advised, and with much ceremony ushered my visitors to the door. The farewell was performed with the same drill-like motions which I had observed during the interview. Exit, then, the three little girls with papa bringing up the rear.

"THE GOVERNMENT MIGHTN'T LIKE IT."

I went with a party of children a short while ago to Barrie's *Peter Pan*. One little boy, whose father was a famous soldier, chummed up to me and told me long yarns of his father's exploits. That was at dinner. Later on somebody told him that I was the Editor of the ROYAL. After some thought he came up to me, and, in reward for the intelligent interest I had shown in his father's doings, said to me, with the most delightful air of patronage:

"I've just heard that you are the Editor of the ROYAL, sir. I'm very pleased to meet you. But you mustn't publish the stories I have told you about my father. *The Government mightn't like it.*"

And humbly I gave my promise.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AT A MINUTE A DAY.

A few months ago we published an article entitled, "How to be Healthy at a Minute a Day." The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* offered, as many of you will remember, a hundred guineas for what was considered by an adjudicating committee the best physical exercise sent in by his contributors. This exercise was not to take longer than one minute to perform. The prizewinner's exercise I was lucky enough to secure for publication in the ROYAL. Ever since its appearance people have been imploring me to publish this prize exercise in a form that may be easily suspended from their bedroom walls. This has now been accomplished: every movement in the exercise has been reproduced with full instructions on a piece of cardboard which can hang anywhere. So if you want to become a strong and healthy individual, all you have to do is to send me ninepence, and I will forward you the exercise post free.

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